

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 27, 1983 \$1.75

REDEMPTION FOR ROBERTO

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Of No Más,
Roberto Duran
Mauls Davey Moore





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A price of \$8390*.

Scepter's some lives.

Nothing else is a Volkswagen





This Fourth of July, proceed with caution.

The Fourth of July is a time to celebrate. Unfortunately, sometimes we tend to overindulge. Drinking more than our limit is never wise but it can be especially dangerous over a long holiday weekend. This Fourth of July, if you choose to drink,

use common sense. And if you're on the road, watch out for the other guy. The more cautious we are about July Fourth, the more likely we'll be here to remember it on July Fifth.

The House of Seagram

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The air in this room must be 1,000 times cleaner than that in an operating room.

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The development of specialized, highly sophisticated microchips—done here at the Advanced Technology Center in Shelton, Connecticut, by engineers from ITT.

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Helping people communicate has always been one of the main ways we've helped people.

And that was long before we started coming up with some of our best ideas in Shelton.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

One of the attributes of a strong staff of journalists is the ability to renew itself, to add fresh, superior talent continually, not just to keep up with the times and the competition but also to replace those the staff must inevitably lose. And this month we must begin meeting a difficult challenge of this sort: replacing a highly valued staffer indeed. Senior Reporter Rose Mary Mechem, who is retiring after 27 years at the magazine.

in its relations with Time Inc. Given Time Inc.'s half-century commitment to an independent organization to represent editorial employees, such advocacy is of considerable importance in our offices.

All of which seems a long jump for the Rose Mary growing up in Wichita and later studying at what was then Washburn College in Topeka, all the while yearning to become an actress.



RESEARCH SPECIALIST MECHEM, CLOSING THE FILES ON HER EXEMPLARY CAREER

Mechem has long been our chief researcher and reporter on articles dealing with environmental issues, an area in which SI takes considerable pride in its achievements. She has worked closely with such writers as Robert Boyle, Bill Gilbert, Jerry Karshenbaum and the late Robert Cantwell, investigating, interviewing and coming up with much original material. "I was never trained as a researcher," Mechem says. "I taught myself, treating each story and subject as a different problem, which indeed is always the case."

Mechem has also served SI well on numerous non-environmental projects, one of the more memorable being John Underwood's acclaimed study of the causes of and cures for the academic abuses committed in the name of college athletics (May 19, 1980). That topic engaged her skills on and off for more than a year before publication. And though reporting and research were her forte, Mechem wrote several stories for SI.

For many years Mechem was a spokesperson and tough negotiator for the positions of The Newspaper Guild

She earned the money to acquire her theater arts degree at the Pasadena Playhouse drama school in California by working for the Santa Fe Railway in Topeka, counting what were known as Parmalee coupons (which entitled passengers to transportation between depots when transferring from one rail line to another).

After completing her studies in Pasadena, Mechem spent a year in Europe as a member of the Civilian Actress Technicians, entertaining occupation troops following World War II, and then performed in summer stock before coming to SI.

Now she retires with her husband, Douglas Gordon, to his boyhood home on Mercer Island, in Lake Washington near Seattle. There, Rose Mary will study piano, do some boating and cross-country skiing with Doug and "think about jogging."

We'll miss her.

Robert L. Miller

Join the team!



Today thousands of America's Olympic hopefuls are in training to attain the highest goal in all of sport, the Olympic gold medal.

And you can be part of their exciting moments as they travel the road to the 1984 Olympics in each action-packed issue of *The Olympian Magazine*! It's the official magazine of the United States Olympic Committee. As a subscriber, you'll help prepare the finest Olympic Team in our nation's history. You'll receive ten full-color issues during the next year.

The Olympic countdown begins this week with the U.S. Olympic Committee's National Sports Festival (June 24-July 3), "the super-bowl of amateur athletics." Subscribe today and begin with the August issue. It's an in-depth look at the Festival and some of our top Olympic prospects.



September's issue takes you to the World University Games (July 1-12) and the Pan American Games (August 14-29). Later there will be full reports on the world's greatest sporting events, the Winter Olympics in Sarajevo, Yugoslavia (February 7-19), and the Summer Olympics in Los Angeles (July 28-August 12, 1984).

So, TEAM UP, AMERICA! Join our great team on the road to Olympic Gold. Subscribe to *The Olympian* today for just \$19.84! Fill out the information on the attached envelope and mail it today with your check or money order. Or send to: The United States Olympic Committee, Fund S.I., Colorado Springs, Colorado 80950.

THE
OLYMPIAN
MAGAZINE



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Sideline

by BOB OTTUM

OVER HILL, DALE AND POTHOLE, THESE MOUNTAIN BIKES GO ROLLING ALONG

Bicycle people call them klunkers, which certainly seems fair and accurate enough. These strange bikes do look pretty klunky at first glance. They've got fat, knobby tires and upright, straight handlebars. It's only at second or third glance that a kind of hidden beauty starts to shine through, and after a few moments of riding, one begins to experience some gentle stirrings just behind the rib cage. This condition is known as love at first flight.

These critters are properly called mountain bikes or off-road bikes, though neither name does them justice. They might just as well be called gravel-road bikes, or grassy-meadow bikes, or muddy-pothole-riddled-street bikes—and it's gradually becoming known that, in low gear, one could pedal a klunker up the north face of the Chrysler Building. It isn't quite as well known that the bikes also can be ridden up and down stairways. One model, built by Specialized Bicycles of California, is called the StumpJumper, and that just about says it all. One manufacturer sees the klunkers as city bikes of the future, suitable for rattling across subway gratings, manhole covers and streetcar tracks. And as more performance reports roll in, it's possible to see a national craze taking shape during the course of 1983.

This is assuredly not a scoop in the traditional sense; certain klunkers have been circling on the far edge of our vision for years, called, variously, cruisers or beach bikes. This is more an update, since it's the refinement of those fat-tired bicycles that's causing the stir these days. Enthusiasts wanted the same quality in their off-road bikes that they have in their racing bikes, and they wanted durability as well. No less an authority than *Bicycling* magazine has road-tested nine brands of off-road bikes, bushing them about very earnestly indeed, and Senior Editor John Schubert wrote, "All this leads me to a startling conclusion: I predict klunkers will overtake dropped-handlebar 10-speeds as America's favorite bicycles just as soon as enough manufacturers make them available in appropriate quantities and price levels."

Which is exactly what's now happening. What Schubert and other experts are talking about is a sophisticated contraption offering lightweight chrome-moly frames with long wheelbases to suit rough conditions. Bottom brackets are higher, about 12 inches; chain-stays are longer, 18 inches, and the clincher: New skinwall balloon tires and aluminum-alloy rims trim the weight of old blackwall tires and steel rims by more than six pounds. The result is a lively bike of about 28 or 29 pounds, as light as many 10-speeds. Sealed bearings keep mud and water out of vital parts. Most mountain bikes have easy-grab motorcycle brake levers and cantilevered brakes that could stop a runaway truck, and gearing is much lower than on a normal touring bike—so low that the grade one can climb is limited only by the ability of the rider to balance the bike. Handlebars are up and straight, and—here's the luxurious part—the gear shifters are thumb levers mounted on the handlebars. One can flick easily through 15 gears: no more taking one hand away from the bars and leaning forward to shift a gear lever on the frame.

Suddenly just going fast on a lightweight bike isn't enough anymore—what counts is going any place you want. "Skinny-tire charivariists figure they're not supposed to like these things," says Schubert, "but they ride them and love them." On the West Coast, particularly around Marin County, cradle of the fat-tire movement, cyclists are swarming into the hills. In southern Utah's Canyonlands National Park, a band of riders touring last year on conventional 10-speeds parked their bikes alongside the highway and walked up a treacherous, narrow hiking path, in some spots skirting patches of loose shale. They emerged on top of a high mesa overlooking the park. There sat Eric Miller, 22, of Salt Lake City and a gang of his pals—all of whom had ridden their klunkers up. Miller knows how the bikes are meant to be used, and he constantly takes his to the limit: He rides it both ways on staircases, along rocky streambeds and over small walks. He may also have the only klunker around with fenders—a defensive measure. "They make my bike look particularly stupid," he says. "But I've discovered that people don't steal bikes that have fenders; they glance at them and think they're cheap and go for the 10-speeds instead."

continued

THE LONGEST ROAD FOR ANY RUNNER IS THE ONE TO RECOVERY.



One of the most difficult things any runner has to endure is being sidelined by a running injury. And the most common forms of running injury are knee injuries caused by pronation and supination, the side-to-side motion your foot makes when you run.

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Converse. When it comes to helping prevent running injuries we're with you every step of the way. Because we know how important it is for you to stay off the road to recovery if you're going to stay on the road to success.



New Men's Force-5



Phaeton for men. Selenia for women.



New Laser for men & women.



New Tribune for men & women.



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The Official Athletic Shoe of the 1984 Olympic Games

A full-page advertisement for Marlboro cigarettes. The background is a photograph of two cowboys in a grassy field. One cowboy, wearing a red shirt and a white cowboy hat, is mounted on a dark horse. The other cowboy, wearing a brown vest over a blue shirt and a white cowboy hat, is on the ground, holding a lasso. In the foreground, two packs of Marlboro cigarettes are prominently displayed: a red pack on the left and an orange pack on the right. The packs are shown at an angle, with several cigarettes visible. The overall tone is rugged and masculine, typical of the Marlboro brand.

Come to Marlboro

Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's
you get a lot to like.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—100's: 16 mg "tar,"
1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 81

A photograph of a cowboy in a brown vest and hat, riding a dark brown horse in a grassy field. The horse is in motion, and the background is a cloudy sky. The word "Country." is overlaid in large white letters on the left side of the image.

Country.

Winners Wear BIKE

BIKE LEISUREWEAR.
A sportswear collection with classic sideline looks. Bold styles—bright colors. Weekend basics that look as good dockside as they do in the stands. After work and all weekend long, winners wear BIKE—everywhere. At leading sporting goods stores.

BIKE ATHLETIC COMPANY
Knoxville, TN

Photographed at The Oaks Golf Course, Boca Raton, Florida

SIDELINE (continued)

Miller's pal, John O'Brien of Fisher's Cyclery, in Salt Lake, put together a klunker as a gift for his girl friend, Stephanie Gerbasi—and so many customers leap on it when it's parked inside the shop that he figures he could probably make a living custom-building the things. "It's great fun to actually look for bumps and dips in the streets," says Gerbasi, "or to peel off the road and follow a narrow trail through the woods." Says O'Brien, "The idea is that you can take a high-quality bike like this and actually abuse it and not hurt it."

In the East, Tom Franges, a management consultant for Fuji America in New Jersey, says forget off-road terrain. "We see klunkers as the perfect city bike. Klunkers can handle any hazard on city streets, and they're light enough to be picked up and carried up to your apartment. They're the commuter bike of tomorrow." Fuji showed off a prototype at last fall's Interbike Show in Las Vegas and, on the basis of receiving an enthusiastic response, decided to produce 800 klunkers this year and 1,000 in the coming year.

Other builders are gearing up, so to speak, for the coming craze, and advance information indicates that this year's prices will range from \$350 to \$750 or so, increasing as one piles on the extras. Univega is more than tripling production from 3% to 10% of its total output. The new bikes have their own name, ATB, for All-Terrain-Bike, says Bernie Kothler, sales manager for Ben Olken Co., Univega's Northeast distributor. There are now eight models in the new line, and a promotional campaign has been built around the bikes.

But perhaps the surest sign of the future came last summer at the fifth annual Snowbird-Löschenbrau-Höllschimb, a tortuous 10.2-mile race up Little Cottonwood Canyon to the Snowbird ski resort above Salt Lake City. There were 310 riders and bikes of all breeds, almost all of them super lightweight with skinny tires. But there in the pack were two mountain bikes. On the toughest parts of the canyon road, after the racing-bike riders went by standing on their pedals, all curled over their turned-down handlebars, along came these klunkers in their superlow gears. The riders were sitting comfortably, not laboring. Of course they weren't going as fast, and of course they didn't win. But getting there was at least half the fun.

END

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HONDA

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OLYMPIC EYE-OPENER

Shoppers startled last week by high prices in Sears stores weren't looking at merchandise but at a ticket-order brochure for the 1984 Los Angeles Olympic Games. The brochure, available at more than 3,300 Sears stores across the country, as well as at branches of sponsoring banks in Southern California and metropolitan New York, is a handsome 32-page catalogue of everything from the opening ceremonies on July 28 through the closing ceremonies on Aug. 12, from preliminary rounds in fencing and field hockey to finals in track and field and swimming. Ticket prices to each event are listed, along with ordering instructions.

Although tickets to the opening and closing ceremonies, which are considered separate events, cost \$50, \$100 and \$200 each, the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee says that almost half of the 5.6 million tickets available to the public for the days in between cost \$10 or less. However, a glance at the brochure reveals that most of the inexpensive tickets are for preliminaries or for low crowd-appeal sports like archery and team handball. Track and field tickets for the afternoon-evening sessions when most of the finals take place cost \$25, \$35 and \$50 each—for each session. And there are eight days of track and field competition.

*Swimming tickets are even steeper: \$40, \$60 and \$95 apiece for each of the six final sessions. The various gymnastics final events are priced the same, as are the big games in basketball. In fact, the cheapest seat during the last five days of basketball competition (except for one morning of also-ran games) is \$25. For quarterfinal bouts in boxing, seats go for \$25, \$35 and \$60, that jumps to \$40, \$70 and \$95 for the finals—and the finals are split into morning and evening sessions. If you want to see all the title bouts, you'll need tickets to both sessions.

Even some of the fringe sports have eye-opening prices. While the Los Angeles Dodgers charge only \$2 to \$6 a seat for their home games, tickets to Olympic baseball in Dodger Stadium—consisting of demonstration games between amateur teams—range from \$5 to \$20. Tennis, another demonstration sport, is limited

to amateur players and professionals who have not yet reached their 21st birthdays (presumably to ensure fiduciary innocence), but will command \$35 to \$50 a seat for the finals.

But what the heck, give it a shot. Applications must be in Los Angeles by Aug. 15 of this year. Filling the orders will be a complex process, but, essentially, tickets to all but the most popular events will be distributed on a first-come, first-served basis. A form of lottery will decide who gets the most highly prized tickets. Full payment must accompany orders, including a 6% Olympic Games Ticket Distribution Tax and a \$1 handling charge for each ticket ordered. Money will be refunded for orders not filled, except for the handling charge.

Those taken aback by the prices should note that in its introduction to the brochure the LAOOC says that corporate support of the Games "enables us to offer you tickets . . . at much lower prices than otherwise would have been possible."

Hey, you're getting a bargain.

AND NOW FOR THE FIRST DELIVERY

The Cincinnati Enquirer's entry in the city recreation commission's Sunday-morning softball league is called the Bad News Bearers.

TESTING THE COMPETITION'S WARES

Jack Nicklaus has used a MacGregor golf ball most of his career, and his loyalty to the brand is such that last year he bought the company that makes the ball, Atlanta-based MacGregor Inc. That's why eyebrows were raised on the Tour when Nicklaus played three tournaments this spring with the new Tour 384, a ball manufactured by archival Titleist. Quite a few touring pros have switched to the 384, which is said to travel farther because of its aerodynamically designed pattern of 384 dimples—60 more dimples than the conventional pattern. But why did MacGregor's boss seemingly endorse a competing ball by using it on the circuit?

Nicklaus explains that MacGregor was about to introduce a new ball and that he wanted to check out the competition's ball for himself before giving the

go-ahead to his company's new product. Nicklaus, who's not exactly an impartial witness on the subject, says that the 384 did indeed travel farther but "was too hot around the greens. I lost control of the ball. I didn't play well those three weeks [he finished ninth, 28th and 23rd]." At any rate, MacGregor introduced its new ball, called the Jack Nicklaus Muirfield, at last week's U.S. Open at Oakmont (page 28), and whatever the relative merits of the two balls otherwise, the Nicklaus Muirfield surpasses the 384 in at least one respect: It has 392 dimples.

WELL WORTH THE BOTHER

Commander Gerald Forsberg writes a slightly breathless column for *The Swimming Times*, a British publication, in



which he chronicles the perils as well as the pleasures of long-distance swimming. Forsberg recently reported that one race was "9.3 miles across complex tidal system. Flat calm, mainly cloudy, water 57 degs F. Exceptionally low tide at start—competitors had to run 150 yards before getting to swim depth." On another event: "Thunder and lightning and torrential rain. A year's supply of heavy hailstones in 15 minutes—agonising on bald heads without swim caps." Though it all, Forsberg conveys the impression that the indignities that long-distance

continued

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SCORECARD continued

swimmers sometimes must endure are well worth it. Of another race, he wrote: "Presumably they also invited every jellyfish on the South Coast to come and envelop the big occasion. Little wonder the tames were so fast!"

GOLDEN FRIENDSHIPS

When George Steinbrenner, during the latest Yankee upheaval, fired Pitching Coach Art Fowler last Friday, Manager Billy Martin was separated from his longtime friend, confidant and right-hand man. Some observers were surprised that Martin hadn't quit after the dismissal of Fowler, who had been with him for 14 years, following faithfully along as Billy went from Minnesota to Detroit to Texas to the Yanks to Oakland and finally back to New York. At the start of the season Martin said of Fowler, "A billionaire couldn't get him away from me," meaning presumably that he and Art would stick together through thick and thin. While nobody has ever called Steinbrenner a billionaire, it's at least possible that the \$125 million contract Martin has has influenced Billy's thinking. At any rate: So long, Art.

SECRETARIAL SKILLS

Last week, after a two-year investigation involving 80 federal and state wildlife agents, about 50 individuals were charged with killing or trafficking in bald and golden eagles, which are protected under the Endangered Species Act. Federal officials said that some 300 birds had been killed in the last three years to supply raw materials for a "lucrative black market in Native American artifacts." A warbonnet of eagle feathers can bring as much as \$5,000, a single eagle can be worth \$1,000 to its killers.

Interior Secretary James Watt flew to Sioux Falls, S. Dak. to announce the crackdown. Standing behind a table covered with eagle carcasses, he called the killing of the bald eagle, the national symbol, "revolting and repulsive." Praising Operation Eagle, as the investigation had been dubbed, he said, "Protecting the national bird was worth the cost."

The acts that Watt decried are indeed reprehensible and the crackdown is to be applauded, but if the secretary is now convinced that Operation Eagle's funds were well spent, he didn't always feel that way. During his first two years in office,

continued

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he cut the budget for enforcement of the Endangered Species Act by \$987,000 each year—nearly 45% of the law-enforcement field budget. Each time Congress reinstated the funds. Again this year he tried to cut the same \$987,000, but Congress, with far less fanfare than attended the doings in Sioux Falls, is once more in the process of putting the money back in the budget.

"If Watt's budget cuts had gone through each year," says Amos Eno, Director of Wildlife Programs of the Audubon Society, "it is unlikely that Operation Eagle could have succeeded."

IMPETURABLE

Oh, these emotional athletes. You may recall the incident (SCORECARD, June 13) in which a Michigan Panther, after intercepting a pass near his own goal line with the score tied in the last minute of regulation play, almost lost the game then and there when he triumphantly—and prematurely—spiked the ball.

Now the danger of letting it all hang out has been brought home again by another athlete in a markedly different sport—bowling—in which spiking is definitely a no-no.

Don Genalo, apparently near victory in a PBA tournament final, rolled the first ball of his last frame and was disheartened to find himself left with a 4-6-7-9-10 "Greek church" split. Thinking he had blown the match, the dejected Genalo half-heartedly tossed his last ball and it landed in the gutter. And then he discovered that he had needed to knock down only three of the five pins left standing in the split to salvage victory. Instead, he lost 214-212.

INTERESTING, VERY INTERESTING

Last week the tale of Shergar, the Irish racehorse kidnapped in February from the Aga Khan's stud farm at Ballymany in Ireland, took another twist. Lloyds of London announced that its underwriters were going to pay the theft insurance—a reported \$10.6 million—to 20 of the 34 members of the ownership syndicate who were so covered. Not life insurance, understand, although the Irish police have given up their massive search for Shergar because they believe the 5-year-old stallion is dead.

According to reports, a Lloyds spokes-

man said last week that the underwriters, on the advice of their lawyers, were paying the theft claim "despite areas of possible doubt." Syndicate members insured only against the death of the horse would still have to press their claims. The stories about the insurance payoff created something of a sensation because Lloyds reportedly disclosed that until a month ago it had had "communications from people purporting to be the kidnappers" through a third party, and that the decision to pay the insurance was made after no further word, "directly or indirectly with whoever may have been responsible for the kidnapping," was forthcoming.

That there had been any contact with the kidnappers came as quite a surprise to police and syndicate members who had been trying in vain for the past several months to communicate with them. Had the kidnappers really been talking, however indirectly, with the underwriters? And if so, why?

The next day Lloyds "categorically" denied that it had been in touch with the kidnappers, but like the masters of intrigue in novels of suspense, it refused to divulge anything more.

THE GRIDDER AND THE SWIMMER

There have been a couple of big milestones in John Elway's life of late. One of them was academic. He received his bachelor of arts degree in economics from Stanford, becoming one of the few No. 1 picks in the NFL draft in recent years to graduate on time with his class. The other milestone was romantic. A couple of days earlier Elway became engaged to Stanford classmate Janet Buchanan. The two have been dating since they were freshmen—"It seems like 100 years," Buchanan says—and plan to marry soon after Elway completes his rookie season with the Denver Broncos, who acquired him in a trade on May 2 after he refused to sign with the Baltimore Colts, the NFL team that had drafted him.

Until shoulder ailments forced her to retire during her sophomore season at Stanford, Buchanan was a swimmer of some note. In 1978, when she was still a high school junior in Tacoma, Wash., she set an American record of 4:52.95 for the 400-meter individual medley in a 25-meter pool. The next year, just as she was about to enter Stanford, she set a World University Games record in the 400 IM,

this time in a 50-meter pool, of 5:06.65. In her freshman year, she was high-point scorer for champion Stanford at the 1980 AAUW meet; she won the 400-yard IM and placed in four other events.

After Elway signed with the Broncos, a writer for *The Denver Post* quoted him as saying that Buchanan had once held a "world record." Since she has held American and World Games records but no world marks, somebody obviously didn't have things quite right, but Buchanan isn't one to cast blame. Absolving the writer, she says, "When people hear I had a World Games record, they just hear the word 'world' and think it was a world record." As for the possibility that the one responsible for the error could have been her husband-to-be, she's lovingly unconcerned. "You've got to realize that even I have a hard time remembering dates, times and records," she says, adding, "John has always been very interested in my swimming."

THEIR EXPERIENCE IS AGELESS

For half a century a private organization in Great Britain called the Company of Veteran Motorists has dedicated itself to promoting driving etiquette and road safety. But now, according to *The Times*, the group's leadership, concerned that the word "veteran" in its title connotes "old" rather than the intended meaning of "sagacious," has changed its name, thereby striking a blow for semantic clarity. The organization will henceforth be known as the Guild of Experienced Motorists.

THEY SAID IT

- Harold Katz, Philadelphia 76ers owner, on meeting President Reagan during a visit by the defense-minded NBA champions to the White House: "They tell me you're very strong on defense, so maybe you'd fit in with our team."
- Skip Caray, Atlanta sportscaster, explaining his negative attitude toward both horse racing and dog racing: "It's always been my philosophy that any sport where you can't interview the winner is not for me."
- John Robertson, *The Toronto Star* baseball writer, on the straight-arrow image of the Blue Jays: "This is the cleanest-cut bunch of ballplayers I've ever seen, even in Little League." **END**



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Sports Illustrated

JUNE 27, 1983



A full-page photograph of Roberto Duran in a boxing ring. He is seen from the back, wearing red boxing trunks with white and yellow chevron patterns on the side. He is in a dynamic pose, possibly celebrating or preparing for a move. The background is dark, and the ring ropes are visible. In the lower right, a crowd of spectators is visible, including a man in a light-colored shirt and headphones.

He That Was Lost Has Been Found

By beating the WBA junior middleweight champion, Davey Moore, Roberto Duran won his third title and recaptured his good name

by WILLIAM NACK



DURAN-MOORE *continued*

Forty-five floors above Manhattan Island, in his room at the Sheraton Centre Hotel, Roberto Duran shifted in his chair and threw a quick left uppercut, and another, muffling a cry with each flush of his hand. "¡Ay! ¡Ay!" Then up came the right. "Pow!" A second right. "Pow! ¡Duro! ¡Hard! ¡Duro!"

It had been a long day of celebration, and Duran was still flying. Almost 24 hours earlier, before an aroused, near-record Madison Square Garden crowd of 20,061, Duran, a former lightweight and welterweight champion of the world, had won the WBA junior middleweight title by stopping Davey Moore at 2:02 of the eighth round. Now, sitting in his room, sipping from a glass of Moët & Chandon champagne, Duran was watching a tape of the fight, witnessing for the first time—and with evident relish—this sublimely crowning moment of his professional life.

"Ah, he was an artist," his former trainer, 83-year-old Roy Arcel, had said after the fight. "That performance could

be compared to that of any great fighter who ever lived. It was masterful."

Now here was Duran slipping Moore's punches, there countering with lefts and rights, here spinning off the ropes, there digging uppercuts to Moore's head and belly, here feinting and moving, there snarling through his mouthpiece, snarling behind his jab, like the Duran of old. "It's like looking at a tape of me five or six years ago," Duran told the 15 friends and family members gathered in the room to watch the replay.

As he watched himself elude a punch, Duran said, "I let the blows come by me so close."

"Just like the bullfighter lets the horns pass by so close," said a friend, Pepe Acosta Jr.

"Exactly!" Duran said. "That's the way it was. After the fourth round, I knew he couldn't hurt me."

At the end of the seventh, Duran dropped Moore with a crashing straight right hand. "Ohhhh!" the group in the hotel room gasped, as Moore flew back, landing on the seat of his pants.

"He's dead," Duran said. "This fight

took a lot out of him. He'll come back, but it will be a while. *¡Una derrota brutal!*" A brutal defeat for Moore, to be sure, but one that represented redemption for Duran, a return to grace after his humiliating surrender to Sugar Ray Leonard 2½ years ago, and an ascent to a special place in history.

"Three titles," Acosta said, as the tape played itself out.

"¡Sí!" Duran said, flashing three fingers. "Tres títulos..." Only six other men have won as many.

What happened in the Garden last Thursday night had about it a magical quality rarely felt at a sporting event. Most, but not all, of it could be attributed to the quest of this apparently spent bullet, a man seemingly with a future no más. Here he was, a discredited, aging—he turned 32 on the day of the fight—5-2 underdog who had come back to New York insisting that it believe in him again, as it had when he swaggered into the Garden on June 26, 1972—almost 11 years before—and separated Scotland's Ken Buchanan from his world lightweight title.



"I can't find words to express how I failed in the past," Duran said before the Moore fight. "There are no excuses. Once I thought I was a man; now I am a man and I know it. In truth, I have such enthusiasm, like it was the first time I came to New York to fight for the title and the people were with me all the time. I've prepared very hard for this. I'm the old lion. I don't fight for the money. I want to show myself that I'm a champion. I do this in search of glory."

That Duran was even getting another chance to search for it—not to mention an opportunity to win his third title in the same ring in which he won his first—would have seemed as remote early last year as Moore having a title to defend.

Since Duran, then the defending champion, walked out on Leonard in their welterweight title rematch in New Orleans on Nov. 25, 1980—saying "No más... No more box"—he had been a sorry spectacle, a man who had compro-

Moore was floored (left) by a wicked Duran right in the seventh, but got up at eight and staggered on for nearly another round.

mised his place in history with a single reckless act. For months he spoke only about the day when he would get the chance to redeem himself against Leonard. But Duran could merely talk. Leonard always had livelier, more attractive crabs to steam, so another rematch was not to be. As he passed 30—boxing's traditional line of demarcation—Duran seemed on his way to oblivion, overweight and out of shape, overindulging in food and life in the fast lane. When he got a title shot against WBC super welterweight champion Wilfred Benitez in January 1982, he had to lose 30 pounds to make the weight. Benitez easily outpointed him.

Duran looked finished then. His longtime manager, Carlos Eleta, who had been urging him to retire since the second Leonard fight, renewed his appeal. "He was not living an athlete's life," Eleta said last week in Panama. "He was drinking a lot. He did not exercise. He was growing fat. I told him better to retire. He got upset and resented it."

There was an unpleasant parting with Eleta. One of Eleta's former associates, Luis Spada, took over as Duran's manager. Arcel, who had come out of retirement to handle Duran against Benitez, slipped back into retirement. Last Sept. 4 in Detroit, Duran hit bottom. Looking sloppy and slow, he lost a 10-round decision to one Kirkland Laing. Next Duran and Don King, his promoter, had a falling-out, and King dumped him.

It had been a long tumble in the 22 months since New Orleans. Having been abandoned even by his old friend and interpreter, Luis Henriquez, Duran began to feel sorry for himself. "I felt sad," he says. "I said to myself, 'Duran, you must demonstrate to the world that you're not finished.'"

A few days after the Laing fight, Duran visited King's arch-rival, Bob Arum, the head of Top Rank, Inc., in his New York office. "At the time, he was finished," Arum says. "Everybody told me he had nothing left." Arum discussed signing Duran with his matchmaker, Teddy Brenner. "Teddy told me the

continued



only thing wrong with him was upstairs," Arum recalls. "There was nothing wrong with his reflexes. He had gotten lazy and sloppy."

This was Duran's last chance, and he knew it. He told Arum, "I will work hard, be more serious, be a man, dedicate my life to it." Arum agreed to take him on, offering him \$25,000 to fight Jimmy Batten on the Aaron Pryor-Alexis Arguello card on Nov. 12 last year. At Duran's insistence, he fought after the main event—appearing in a prelim would have been too humiliating—and while he won a 10-round decision, he weighed 157 pounds, the heaviest of his career. He looked awkward and unfit, at times pitiable. "People were telling me, 'You've got to be crazy!'" Arum says. "Half the audience walked out on him. But I knew he was trying."

More important, Arum had a fight in mind that he knew would make the turnstiles ring in Los Angeles: Duran against Mexico's Pipino Cuevas, a former WBA welterweight champion himself who, until he was knocked out by Thomas

Hearns in August 1980, was looking toward a title-unification bout with Duran, who had won the WBC title from Leonard six weeks earlier. Now, three years later, they were both on the skids, but it was still a natural for L.A., with its heavy Mexican population. Knowing that this was it and that he would be fighting before a pro-Cuevas crowd, Duran trained with a fury.

They sold out the Sports Arena, and Duran, the fittest and sharpest he had been since beating Leonard in Montreal, caught his man in the fourth round, wobbling him with a right, and then chased him up and down the ropes. Under the relentless attack, Cuevas didn't last out the round. Duran was nowhere near fully fit, but there was no mistaking the crackle of the old fire. So Arum signed him to fight Moore.

Moore, who's 24, had no idea what he was getting into, and nothing possibly could have prepared him for it. He grew up poor in the Bronx, a child set adrift by a working mother to fend for himself. A bright lad, he did especially well at Ad-

lai E. Stevenson High School, where he was an honor student with a 90-plus average. At 15 he started boxing at the Morrisania Recreation Center under Leon Washington, a former pro, and became one of the best Golden Gloves fighters in New York. By the time he turned pro in 1980, after the U.S. boycott scuttled his dreams of an Olympic gold medal, he had won four Golden Gloves titles and 96 of 102 fights.

Moore's professional career began on Nov. 1, 1980, and his lift-off was phenomenal. Moore signed on with Arum, who at the time was well connected in the WBA, and after only eight pro fights—Moore won them all—he took Tadashi Mihara's junior middleweight title by knocking him out, in the sixth round, in Tokyo. He then stiffened three more opponents—including a South African white hope, Charlie Weir, and a club fighter named Gary Guden. Moore (12-0-0 with 9 KO's) figured he was ready for Duran (75-4-0 with 56 KO's).

In training, Duran looked as trim and agile as a puma, and the suspicion arose that he was doing it with mirrors, as Muhammad Ali had before Larry Holmes knocked him all over the ring 2½ years ago in Las Vegas. Duran laughed at the notion and said, "People think I've been in the sauna because of the way I look. What they don't understand is that I've been working out for four months. Forget about those fights before I defeated Cuevas. I'm not the same person."

The crowds came hoping to see the reincarnation, and the evening became electric. Ah himself set the current humming. As Alfredo Escalera and Gene Hatcher pounded each other in a preliminary, he entered the arena, and the chant began: "Ah-LEE! Ah-LEE! Ah-LEE!" By the time Duran entered the ring, dancing—after former middleweight champ Jake LaMotta had kissed his wife, Vicki, at ringside—the place reminded some in the crowd of old Garden fight nights. "It had the flavor of the Joe Louis nights," said veteran boxing writer Barney Nagler. "The exuberance, the sound and the fervor were old-fashioned."

And so, in a sense, was the way Duran fought, using every move and trick he



Duran was particularly adept at giving the relatively inexperienced Moore the slip.

knew. Duran made the attack from the outset, taking the fight where he wanted it to go, slipping punches deftly while beginning his work on Moore's body. Near the end of the first round, he struck the most telling blow of the fight—a thumb poked in Moore's right eye. It closed gradually in the next few rounds as Duran made a target of it with his jab. Duran shook off whatever Moore landed and continued to press the issue inside and to the body. In the second round, he began pounding Moore's body with uppercuts. Then, coming over with a right, he bloodied Moore's nose. "I wanted to keep up the pressure," Duran said. He did just that. With Duran's back to the ropes, after Moore hit him with a right, he spun Moore around, putting him on the ropes, and ripped back at him with a flurry. "I hit him back in payment for what he'd hit me with," Duran said.

Feeling sluggish, Duran relaxed his attack in the third and fourth rounds, and Moore became the aggressor. "Then I began to get air and began to box, and the boxing renewed my speed," said Duran. He never stopped punishing Moore's body, but now he went after the head, too. By the fourth round, the right eye had closed, and Moore was bleeding from the nose and lip; by the seventh he was all target. Duran buckled Moore's legs with a combination to the head. As the champion backed up, Duran dropped him with that hard right hand, sending him to the floor with his back on the ropes. There he simply sat with his lower lip puffed out, dazed and helpless. "That punch came from nowhere," Moore said later. He gamely climbed to his feet at the count of eight, and then the bell rang.

At ringside, Moore's mother and girl friend had fainted, slumping in their seats, and now there were cries to stop the bloodbath. But the referee, Ernesto Magaña of Mexico, appeared blind to



Duran's victory suddenly gave Hagler (right) a big-payday opponent.

what was going on. He kept looking at Moore's closed eye, as if waiting for it to fall out before he would stop the fight. Leave it to the WBA to hire a turkey to run a cockfight. That is what it had become, and Duran had all the talons.

"Finish him off now," Duran's trainer, Nestor Quiñones, told him before the eighth. It took Duran two minutes and two seconds to convince Washington to throw a blood-spattered white towel of surrender into the ring. If Magaña saw it, he ignored it. Finally Jay Edson, a Top Rank representative, clambered into the ring and called a halt to the proceedings.

"The worst ref I've looked at for a long time," Arcel said. On top of that, the WBA's two Japanese judges, Kasumasa Kuwata and Tashikawa Yoshida, apparently were content to spend the night looking at Magaña looking at Moore's eye. They both called four of the seven rounds even.

Down in Panama, where Duran had returned in disgrace after the fiasco against Leonard, there was rejoicing in the streets. Schools and offices had closed early on Thursday to allow

students and workers to watch the fight live on television, so Panama City was ready to play. When the bout ended and Duran had won, rockets exploded over the city and firecrackers popped everywhere. Estrella De Panama was promptly being hawked with the banner headline GRANDIOSA NOCHE DE REDENCIÓN/DURAN REINA NUEVAMENTE (Grand Night of Redemption/Duran Reigns Again).

"I don't believe it," Moore said before going into seclusion. "I thought I was stronger. I thought I was a better puncher."

"We were inexperienced, the fighter as well as the trainer," said a subdued Washington.


Duran had joined Arguello, Benitez, Bob Fitzsimmons, Henry Armstrong, Tony Canzoneri and Barney Ross as triple titleholders and he parted

that night at Victor's Café on 52nd Street, his favorite haunt. The celebration went on far into the morning. The place was jammed with familiar faces. Ali came by. So did the retired Leonard, who embraced Duran. "I'm proud of you, champ," Leonard said. Even Rodney Dangerfield showed up. "At least you're going to get some respect," he told Duran. Of course, not all the old familiar faces were there. "I am proud of him," Elieta said in Panama. Duran was mum on the subject of Elieta, but not that of his former promoter. "After what I did, Don King is probably choking on a glass of water," he said.

Arum was now drinking champagne and talking of grander designs for his new champion. "The fight everyone wants to see," Arum said, "is Roberto Duran versus [undisputed middleweight champ] Marvelous Marvin Hagler. If he beats Hagler, it would be the greatest miracle in the history of boxing."

So far, one miracle is quite enough. "I was born again," Duran said. "I've returned to be Roberto Duran. It's been a long time."

END



Lord, Nelson Was Tougher Than The Iron Men

A 60-foot putt that seemed to take an hour or so to work its way through the Allegheny hills before making a slight right-hand turn into the Oakmont Country Club and then into the cup for a birdie on the 16th green served to bring an end to the U.S. Open Championship, and not a minute too soon. Quiet Larry Nelson sank the putt last Monday morning about the time that the rest of Pennsylvania was having a second cup of coffee, and he sank Tom Watson with it. Who knows when the thing might have ended otherwise, what with all the storm delays that had preceded the big putt, and what with everyone playing so cautiously through the slender corridors of the tricked-up course?

So Nelson, 35, a tough operator, is the 1983 Open champion; he's a Vietnam vet from Georgia who has always hit the ball straight and played smart, who won the

Larry Nelson took Oakmont apart for two rounds, while stronger players found the going too rough in the Layup Open **by DAN JENKINS**

PGA Championship in 1981 and who must dearly love competition when it's him and you—Watson in this case. In international Ryder Cup match play, Nelson has a 9-0 record.

Though they weren't paired when the last six players went out to challenge the course on Monday morning after final-round play had been postponed by Oakmont's second storm, on Sunday, it was Nelson against Watson. They were tied for the lead at four under par for the tournament. Watson had 4½ holes to play, Nelson had three.

Overnight, they'd had to sleep on the difficulties they would face. Watson would confront a 35-foot birdie putt on the 14th green. The pin was downhill,

and the green was slick. Before he'd gone to bed, Linda, his wife, had said, "Tom, how long is that putt?" And Tom had said, "It's too long and very hard."

Watson two-putted for his par 4, but ahead, in the next group, Nelson had found the green of the 228-yard par-3 16th with his four-wood, and now he was rapping the 60-foot birdie putt that any sane man could only hope to get down in two. He thought at first he had tapped it too weakly, and he looked momentarily forlorn. But the ball kept rolling.

Then, when Nelson saw the putt picking up speed as it traveled downhill he picked up speed on foot. As the ball began to zero in on the cup, Nelson added more speed, and he was almost in a dead

Nelson, ten under for the last 36, finally took the lead with a bird on the 70th hole.

run when the ball disappeared into the hole. The stroke put him five under and one ahead of Watson, who for most of Sunday had looked like a man headed for his second straight Open victory and his eighth major title.

Nelson routinely parred the 17th and put a beautiful three-wood layup drive into the fairway on 18, while Watson just as routinely parred the 15th and 16th holes. Timing then became important. Watson studied a 130-yard shot to the 17th, badly needing a birdie, while Nelson punched a four-wood onto the lower level of the 18th green. Nelson now had an enormous distance to go on that green, and it's never easy to two-putt to win an Open, but Watson didn't know about the putt Nelson faced. He boldly went for the pin on 17 and caught a rightside bunker. Had he known how far Nelson was from the pin on 18, he would have hit to the fat part of the green.

Nelson did three-putt, missing a 10-footer for par, but Watson, who knew of Nelson's bogey, blew a six-footer for par at the 17th after a nifty bunker shot.

Nelson would then win the Open standing by the scorer's tent beside the 18th green as Watson flew a six-iron too strongly over the green. He chipped bravely—the ball almost struck the pin, but it didn't go in, and Nelson in that instant became the champion, finishing with rounds of 65-67, a record by four shots for the last 36 holes of an Open, and a winning total of four-under-par 280.

Nelson doesn't spray a course with one-liners, so he left everyone with some less than immortal words after Watson's chip flew past the pin. What was your reaction, Larry?

"I was happy," he said calmly.

Not any happier than most of the pros were to get off an awkwardly prepared Oakmont course.

For the 83rd Open, the blue coats and armbands made the puzzling decision to take the driver out of the competition. They did it by the way they set up the fabled old Oakmont layout. They may not have done it on purpose, but they did it just the same. The world's best golfers love to gamble and can frequently be tempted to go for extra distance, but they aren't stupid. Therefore, if you give them the choice of having to nail a driver 270 yards to a bottleneck in a fairway only 18 yards wide at best, or of hitting a one-iron or two-iron off the tee to a much larger area of mowed lawn and taking a slightly longer than usual club to the green, they'll almost always opt for the safer plan of action.

Oakmont became the Layup Open—when it wasn't the Storm-Delay Open. Only the short hitters had to use their drivers with any regularity. The stronger fellows—and that included a lot of folks besides Seve Ballesteros and Watson—accepted the situation at Oakmont with a shrug and an iron or a spoon off the tee. The rough was so brutal there was no

point in risking the slightest chance of getting buried deeply in it and then having to hack your way out with a wedge. Did the USGA really expect the game's greatest players to use their drivers on all those par-4s? To try to attack a hole with a driver and a wedge instead of a two-iron and an eight-iron, let's say? "I can't believe they thought we were that dumb," said Raymond Floyd.

Oakmont became exposed as a layup boutique in the first round when Ballesteros used his driver only three times, and only at the three par-5 holes. He one-ironed the course to death for a two-under 69 that tied John Mahaffey and Bob Murphy for the lead. Those two were such short hitters they were forced to use their drivers endlessly, and they were therefore doomed. Murphy found an 81 the second day and Mahaffey a 79 the third. Ballesteros and the other smart strongmen, on the other hand, were able to keep the ball in the fairways and stay on the leader board. The only conceivable way that Ballesteros or Watson or even Nelson could get into any serious

continued



Watson's front nine on Sunday almost blew the Open to bits. Then came the 10th hole.

trouble was to take the driver out of the bag, but their drivers would mostly stay in the bag. Thus, they disarmed Oakmont instead of it disarming them.

The second round stretched into a second day because of an onslaught of rain, hail, thunder and lightning. Bad weather has affected so many 1983 tournaments it's starting to look like a Kremlin scheme. On Friday a sudden storm struck at 1:33 p.m., postponing play for 2½ hours and making it impossible for all the players to finish the round before daylight ran out. Lightning hit two spectators within sight of Hale Irwin, David Graham and Bobby Wadkins on the 2nd hole. The three dived into a ditch and knelt there for 45 minutes and prayed. Later, Irwin said, "Something like that reminds you that winning a golf tournament isn't very important."

Friday was also the day that Calvin Peete, who did use his driver because he hits it straighter than most people hit a cocktail glass with an ice cube, became a force in the championship. He played 17 holes without a bogey but had to come back on Saturday morning to play the 18th, which he bogeyed for a 68. When the last of the competition straggled in to end Round 2 at 9:30 a.m., Mahaffey and a tour rookie named Joey Russell were tied for the lead at 141, but Ballesteros was close, so was Watson, so was Floyd. You know Russell's presence at the top would be brief. He went south later that day with a 78 at the same time that Mahaffey, who had won the 1978 PGA at Oakmont, would ultimately find all the paint gone from his driver and the luck vanished from his putting stroke.

Meanwhile, Peete did more or less the same thing on Saturday that he'd done on Friday. After rising at 5 a.m. to come to the course and complete his second round with a bogey, he went back to bed, slept till noon, returned to Oakmont and played 17 more holes without a bogey. Then came the 18th again. Peete misclubbed on his second shot, to the green, found that high, gnarled fringe that practically takes chipping out of the U.S. Open and settled for a bogey once more.

At that point, Peete had played the middle 36 holes of the tournament in four under par with only two bogeys, those at the 18th hole, which would become increasingly difficult for anyone to reach on schedule because of the horrid weather. After 54 holes, Peete was one

shot off the lead and tied with Nelson, whose game, when right, is perfectly suited to USGA-defined golf courses. Target courses, as it were.

Even Nelson, though hardly a powerhouse off the tee, wasn't hating his driver very often, being a fair mechanic with his trusty three- and four-woods. It was on Saturday that Nelson proved Oakmont could be had, just as it had been had by Johnny Miller's closing 63 in the 1973 Open. Despite two bogeys, Nelson carved a 65 into the water-hazardless, practically treeless course. The round more than made up for his 75-73 start, scooting him ahead of Floyd, who looked like a serious contender before Sunday with rounds of 72, 70, 72.

Nelson's 65 tied him with Peete at 213 and put them in the twosome that would go out on Sunday directly ahead of Watson-Ballesteros, a pairing which had all the trappings of a match-play event for the Golfer of the World Championship. Sunday was wonderful—while it lasted. Both Watson and Ballesteros started nervously, rescuing pars at the 1st green with gutty putts, but it quickly became evident



that Watson was aching to get even for the knockout blow that Ballesteros had laid on him in the Masters in April, the last time they were paired. They began that last round one shot behind Floyd and Craig Stadler, but Ballesteros started birdie-eagle-par-birdie, and the tournament was suddenly over.

This Open looked as if it would be over almost as quickly as Watson's 31 Sunday on the front nine, a five-under display of the most stunning kind of golf. He riveted a nine-iron into the difficult 2nd green and sank a four-footer for a birdie. He boldly went to his driver, one of the few times during the championship, and had only a nine-iron left to the 3rd. There he rolled in a 25-foot birdie.

At the par-5 4th hole he took his sand wedge and hit an absolutely marvelous shot over a bunker to a tight pin and made that five-footer for his third birdie in a row. He parred the 5th and then fired a near-perfect five-iron onto the 6th green and put the six-footer into the heart of the cup for still another birdie.

Watson bogeyed the 7th, but so did Ballesteros, thereby missing an opportunity to close in. All along, Ballesteros had been reeling from Watson's heroics but staying in the tournament with saving pars. But just then, when Ballesteros badly needed to make something good happen, it was Watson who bounced back. His four-wood to the 8th hole, a murderous par-3 that runs along the Pennsylvania Turnpike, had Spaniard Killer written all over it. It sailed in there only six feet from the cup, and Watson drilled the putt. A chip and a six-foot putt at the par-5 9th concluded the 31 and the slaying of Seve, who was now buried by five strokes. There was, however, only one thing wrong with Watson's game plan: It failed to shake Nelson.

Up ahead of Watson, Nelson was doing the same thing he had done on Saturday: He was dissecting Oakmont in his own way. Playing virtually flawless golf, which meant splitting the fairways and landing in the immediate vicinity of the pins,

Nelson was three-under, out in 33, and thus only three strokes behind Watson with the dangerous back nine to go.

As he went to the 10th tee, Watson must have thought about the '78 PGA. He had taken a four-stroke lead to the 10th on that Sunday and wound up in a tie with Mubaffey and Jerry Pate. He lost to Mubaffey in a playoff. His PGA downfall had begun with a double bogey at the 10th. Last Sunday he drove poorly and nearly double-bogeyed again, but escaped with a bogey. Then he bogeyed the 12th. In about the same time span, Nelson made four errorless pars, and ripped in a birdie at the 14th. Suddenly, Watson was tied with Nelson, not Ballesteros, and Nelson was a mere 11-under for the last 29 holes he'd played.

And then just as suddenly, with Watson on the 14th green and Nelson looking at a birdie putt on the 15th, the second Oakmont thunderstorm blew in. The

Between Friday's drenching rain (below) and Sunday's, the challenges from Ballesteros (left) and Peete reached their peaks and then sputtered out.



skies had gradually been darkening, and it was Watson who saw the lightning first. He turned to Bill Campbell, the president of the USGA who was officiating, and said, "We'd better get to the house," or words to that effect. Campbell spoke into his walkie-talkie and suspended play, sirens sounded and drowning rains were soon to come. A player has the option of completing a hole, however, and Nelson chose to stroke the birdie putt at the 15th, thunderbolts or not. It flipped out, and Watson and Nelson had to return at 10 a.m. on Monday, still tied, to see what other surprises old Oakmont might have in store.

Tom Tellez coaches Carl Lewis. "He's out of his head trying this," Tellez said last Friday of Lewis' aim of becoming the first man since 1886 to win the long jump and the two sprints—the 100 and 200 yards then, meters now—in the national championships. "But I have to admit, he's done the work. He's ready."

Bill Lewis is father to Carl Lewis. "He's what I call a tactical thinker," Bill said in explaining why he wouldn't consider reminding his son of the possibility of injury during the four preliminary sprints, one qualifying jump and three finals Carl faced in the USA/Mobil Outdoor Track and Field Championships in Indianapolis. "He plans things his own way, and there's nothing to do but respect that."

But the best judge of Carl Lewis is Carl Lewis. "I'm not so much moved by winning, especially winning things I've won before [he had won the 100 meter-long jump double the last two years], as I am by a new challenge," he said. "Adding the 200 is sure that."

He admitted, too, that one of the main reasons he had chosen to include the long sprint was that Jesse Owens had run the event. Owens won the 100, 200 and long jump and ran a leg on the winning 400-meter relay team in the 1936 Olympics. Could his reincarnation in the taller, stronger Lewis contemplate anything less?

Lewis began on Friday with the 100, winning his first-round heat in 10.32. Fifty minutes later he won his 200 heat in 20.70. "This is an unbelievably fast, a scary-fast track," he said of the Indiana stadium's wide, gentle turns and swift Mondo surface that has a sort of herringbone pattern pressed into it. "I'm nervous. It's neat. And there is some method to my madness. The 100 and long jump are my two major events. The 200 final is last, so I can fall apart in that and still

Despite a flawed approach, Lewis made the longest leap ever at low altitude, 28' 10 1/4".





make the team in my main things."

This national championship undoubtedly qualified top placers for more major summertime competitions than any in history. Do well and you could go to the U.S. vs East Germany dual meet this week in Los Angeles, or the USOC National Sports Festival next week in Colorado Springs, or the World University Games July 1-11 in Edmonton, or the Pan American Games Aug. 14-29 in Caracas.

But the team on which Lewis and everyone else coveted places was the one to the first-ever World Championships in Helsinki, Aug. 7-14. "That," said Lewis, "will be a better track meet than the Olympics."

It is a meet about 20 years overdue. There are plenty of invitationals and the World Cup, that oddity in which individual athletes represent whole continents, but outside of the Olympics, track has never had a true world championship. "The qualifying standards for Helsinki mean that only the top range of athletes will make it," said Lewis. "In the Olympics, countries can enter one athlete per event no matter how bad he is, so you have round after round of prelims to weed the bad ones out. And in Helsinki everything will be scheduled specifically for track, without all the frenzies and traffic jams of the Olympics. It's the first, so it's historic. It will be a great, great meet."

But it won't make anyone forget what Lewis did in Indianapolis. A couple of hours after his 200 heat, he took one long jump in the qualifying round. He touched down at 28' 7 3/4", less than seven inches from Bob Beamon's once invulnerable world record of 29' 2 3/4". An aiding wind of 3.2 meters per second (2.00 mps is the legal limit) precluded any record possibility, but that didn't prevent half a stadiumful of imaginations from racing. "He's so close," one heard again and again in the coaches' section of the stands. "And we thought Beamon's record would last into the next century. I just wish Carl would stop fooling with the 200 and get on with what he does best. . ."

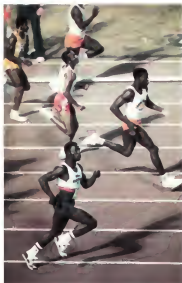
What Lewis did was pick up the shoes he uses for check marks along the runway, and trot serenely off to a good night's sleep.

The next day it seemed Indianapolis was intent on robbing him, as it did last year. This was, you will recall, the place where, in the 1982 Sports Festival, Lewis made a jump that some estimated to be 30 feet, only to have officials rule that even though he'd left no mark on the Plastine that is used to detect a foul jump, his toe had broken the imaginary plane at the end of the board. Thus the sand was ordered swept before the jump could be measured. No such plane-breaking rule exists; the international and American rule books speak only of touching the ground beyond the end of the board. But the sand had been swept.

Last Saturday it wasn't officials' in-
continued

Flying Far And Fast For A Fabulous Triple

Sprinter-long jumper Carl Lewis became the first three-way winner since 1886 at the U.S. track and field championships **by KENNY MOORE**



Lewis, who took the lead late in the 100 (above), was ahead in the turn of the 200.



CARL LEWIS continued

ing mythical rules that stymied Lewis, but the Indiana wind. He won his 100 semifinal, coming from behind Emmit King's rocket start to pass him 10 yards from the finish line in 10.15 against a .91-mps zephyr. The final, which took place an hour and a half later, was against a 2.37-mps breeze. Lewis, the tallest of the field at 6' 2", and with the longest stride, was a sail compared to the cannonball of the 5' 9" King, who led after yet another good start and a surge at 40 meters. Lewis didn't catch up to him until 80 meters and won by a scant 18 inches, 10.27 to 10.33. "The wind didn't affect my running mechanics, it just made us all slow," Lewis said. "Even Evelyn."

Evelyn, of course, was Evelyn Ashford, whose 100 moments before was a mirror of Lewis'. Chandra Cheeseborough started best, then came Diane Williams, and finally there was Ashford shooting by in the last 15 meters to win in a slow 11.24. Her opposing wind was 2.72 mps.

"Horrible time," she said, "but the close finish ought to make the rest of the world, meaning East Germany, not feel so superior." She announced that she would run only in the 100 and the sprint relay against the G.D.R. this week. "I've planned on that 100 since I heard about a certain 10.81 [the world record run on June 8 by East Germany's Marlies Gohr]. Before Helsinki I want to see just how hot she is." But only in the 100. "The 200 is hard on my scatic nerve. I'll run it here, but not again until Helsinki," Ashford said.

On Sunday she burned to a yard lead over Cheeseborough in the turn and won by that yard at the end, in 21.88, only a 20th of a second from her American record. Cheeseborough ran the fifth fastest 200 in history, at 21.99.

In the women's long jump, Lewis' sister, Carol, produced the best series ever by an American; all six of her jumps were of more than 22 feet, and she won with 22' 8". "We used to think if Carl jumped far as a meet, I'd jump crappy," she said.

No more. On Sunday afternoon, which arrived sultry and threatening, Carl prepared to take but one jump. "I wanted to win and then rest for the 200 semi and final," he said.

There was a delay while officials reversed the direction of the jumpers' run-up, to avoid a head wind. Tellez, Carol and the Lewis parents, Bill and Evelyn, trooped down to the other end of the

runway with about 4,000 other spectators. The Lewises sat beside former long jump world-record holder Ralph Boston, who had been in Mexico City 15 years ago when Beamon soared so impossibly far. Indeed, Boston had helped Beamon to his feet after he had collapsed upon hearing what he had done.

Banks of photographers tensed when Lewis began to run. Four steps from the board, he was about eight inches past his check mark. "He had to shorten his last steps," said Tellez. "He got off the board well, but he'd lost a little momentum."

He flew high and slightly to the right, as is his habit, and hit the sand at 28' 10 3/4". The wind was a legal 1.89 mps. It was the second-best jump of all time—and the best at low altitude. All the Lewis family was up and howling with the rest of the crowd. "It'll come by inches, one or two at a time," said Bill Lewis, assuming that Carl would stop now, that the world would have to keep being patient.

But Carl knew it hadn't been a technically perfect jump. He wanted one more. So he took it, after a long wait on the runway. "That jump looked better," said Tellez. "He adjusted his run, but he didn't have the wind." It was only .56 mps, and the distance was 28' 7". At once Lewis turned his thoughts to the 200, passing the rest of his jumps.

Thunder rolled about the sky. Boston began to sing, "God didn't make little green apples, and it don't ruin in Indianapolis. . . ."

Suddenly an Italian photographer appeared, trembling, before a startled Bill Lewis. "You must, you must get him to jump again," he pleaded.

"Why?"

"Because of the conditions. Do you know how much electrostatic power is in the air?"

The senior Lewis considered this. "He's over 21," he said, smiling.

"You get these conditions once in a lifetime," continued the man. "In Mexico City, after Beamon jumped, the sky opened. I was there."

"What can I tell him?" asked Bill.

"Tell him there is energy!" said the photographer.

"And he'll tell me to pound sand," said Bill.

So Carl lounged happily on the infield while the storm skirted the stadium. On Saturday night the 10,000-meter runners had not been so lucky; a downpour drenched them after 11 laps. Alberto Sa-

continued

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Why so many Mercedes-Benz automobiles have achieved classic resale value — before they were old enough to be classics.

Each of the Mercedes-Benz automobiles in the picture at left has been shown to be actually worth more money today than the day it was new.

What makes this fact astonishing is that each is a production model and far from rare. And each was built in 1971—little more than a decade ago.

Astonishing consistency

The astonishingly consistent Mercedes-Benz legend of retained value is thus enhanced. A legend composed not just of a few exotic models, so rare and so old that their value could be expected to rise higher as the years pass by, but models you can see on the streets and highways of America every day—such as those in the picture at left.

True, the most money ever paid for a production automobile was paid for a Mercedes-Benz—a 1936 500K Roadster, auctioned in 1979 for four hundred thousand dollars. And the experts can cite numerous other Mercedes-Benz models now worth double, triple, quadruple their original selling prices.

But these same experts can attest to the remarkable overall record compiled by all Mercedes-Benz automobiles—sedans as well as coupes and roadsters, diesels alongside

their gasoline-powered counterparts; from the recent past as well as the distant past. A record that is perhaps best expressed in one simple statement: the Mercedes-Benz name is so coveted by American buyers today that after the first three years, the entire Mercedes-Benz line—not just a few isolated models—has been shown to retain an average of 84 percent of original value.

Some individual models from some makers might possibly match this figure. In so doing, they only underscore the point: the Mercedes-Benz legend is not based on some cars, specially handpicked; it is based on the total resale performance of all models in the line.

Minimal depreciation

The net result has been a series of automobiles so desirable to so many people that their value has refused to tumble—refused, indeed, to more than minimally depreciate as the miles and years have gone by.

Perhaps this is because there have never been quite enough Mercedes-Benz automobiles to satisfy America's demand.

Perhaps it is because their value has never been cheapened

by annual model changes, or face-lifts, or marketing artifice of any kind.

Perhaps—as the engineers would claim—it is simply because they are built to uncommon standards, to serve their owners uncommonly well.

A crucial measure

Not even Mercedes-Benz knows the reason to an absolute certainty. And not even Mercedes-Benz can predict the future course of resale value in this uncertain, unpredictable world of ours.

But that resale value stands as a crucial measure of automotive worth is beyond question. And amid the welter of claims and counterclaims about value retention in the marketplace today, the lessons of Mercedes-Benz resale history—recent resale history—cannot be discounted by any automobile buyer. And they should not be ignored.



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lazar, imagining himself back in the rain of his Eugene, Ore. home, charged around Craig Virgin off the last turn and won in 28:11.64. "This was the first time I've outkicked someone in seven years," he said, delighted. "It will probably be another seven before I do it again."

Event after event saw pitched battles. In the shotput, Dave Laut watched Brian Oldfield, Mike Lehmann and Kevin Atkins rage and growl and spit. "That was the most intense shot competition I've ever seen," he said. "I think everybody went too crazy on his opener." Not Laut. He hit 71' 2 3/4", which stood up for the win. Atkins came closest with 70' 7/8". Lehmann reached 69' 8 3/4" and Oldfield 68' 9/16".

In the 800, last year's 400-meter hurdle champion, David Patrick, just ran down David Mack, and Mack in turn just held off six-time national champion James Robinson, their times being 1:44.70, 1:44.78 and 1:44.79 respectively. "I hate the 800," moaned Patrick. "It scares me. I'm never comfortable. The intermediate hurdles, that's what I love."

And why not pursue the thing he loves? Patrick was painfully forthright: "Edwin Moses."

Besides Lewis, there were two unpressed masters of their events. One was Mary Decker, and the other was Moses. He reached the last two hurdles with a two-meter lead, and, while the rest of the field disintegrated, rolled on to win the 400 by 12 meters in 47.84. "That old 800-meter training really works at the end," he said, sounding like he might go chase Patrick out of that event, too.

Decker doubled in the 1,500 and 3,000 because she wants to run the first against the East Germans and the second in Helsinki. In both she shed all pursuit by halfway and won unchallenged. The 1,500 was in 4:03.50; the 3,000, run but 55 minutes later, was 8:38.36.

After his pair of long jumps, Lewis rested on the infield grass for an hour, then got a rubdown and reported for the start of his 200-meter semi. Running in lane 5, he led a V of sprinters down the stretch and visibly eased, even clapping his hands twice before the line. The time, aided by a 2.08-mps wind, was 20.15. "After that I knew I had something in my legs," he said. He then watched Larry Myricks, who had finished fourth in the long jump, rip through the curve in the other semi and finish in 20.17, assisted only by a .88 breeze. "Then I knew it



Ashford was a blur in her 100-200 double

would take better than 20 seconds to win," said Lewis.

The final was 90 minutes later. "The way to run this wrong is to try to catch up in the stretch," he said. "I've been working on catching that curve." He tore through this one to get the lead—and simply kept going. "I knew I'd won the thing 10 meters into the stretch, and I knew it would be fast because I'd run the turn so hard." None of which quite explains what he did with 50 meters to go, which was to break into a big grin and start looking around. He did it twice. "Yes, I looked," he said. "Before you put your hands up, it's always a good idea to check."

Naturally, 10 meters out, he put his hands up. "I was tired. I knew I had to stay relaxed. That was my way of showing the joy of what I do," he said.

It was, but the cost was clear. Lewis finished in the astounding time of 19.75, the second fastest ever, the fastest ever run at low altitude and an American record, breaking Tommie Smith's 19.83 set in the 1968 Olympic final. Lewis was only .03 from Pietro Mennea's world record of 19.72, also set in Mexico City, in

1979. Had he kept his arms at work through the line, unquestionably he would now hold his first world record.

Eventually he admitted this. "With my absence of experience at 200, though, I just couldn't be expected to know it was that fast," he said. "I regret having put up my hands . . . but regret isn't the right word. I'm .01 from the world record in the 100, I'm .03 from the world record in the 200, I'm four inches from the world record in the long jump, so there's terrific suspense. It's still fun to compete."

Lewis was besieged with questions about all the possible world records he had seemed to let fly away. "Some of the same people who said the triple was too hard are now saying that it looked too easy," said Lewis. "I feel I could have broken the long-jump record today, but it would have meant sacrificing the 200, so I guess I traded a world record for an American one. But the way I am, if I'd got the jump and then been whipped in the 200, I'd have been upset. It was more fun this way."

Later, asked what he would treasure the most among his memories of this weekend, he showed again the fundamental individuality that his father loves, and which perhaps explains how he manages his huge success. "I know what will stay with me," he said at once. "I ran a good turn."

END



Sainz splashed to a 10,000 win but only after finding that it do rain in Indianapolis.

THOSE WHO CAME AFTER

The summer of 1946 was filled with promise for the blacks who followed in Jackie Robinson's heroic footsteps
by Jules Tygiel

PLEASE REPORT BROOKLYN OFFICE BY
MARCH 30. VERY IMPORTANT.

BRANCH RICEY

Roy Campanella, the recipient of the above wire, was one of four black players who, along with Jackie Robinson, appeared in Organized Baseball in 1946. Robinson's dramatic breakthrough at Montreal and the force of his personality so dominate the integration saga that the experiences of Campanella, Don Newcombe, John Wright and Roy Partlow are often overlooked.

The announcement in April 1946 that



Campanella and Newcombe had signed contracts with the Dodger organization naturally created less of a stir than had the news of Brooklyn's signing of Robinson five months earlier. But in both the white and black communities, it reaf-

firmed the sincerity of Branch Rickey's efforts to integrate baseball. Fred H. Dobens, the president of the Nashua (N.H.) Dodgers, to which Campanella and Newcombe had been assigned, said that the parent club was "carrying out its plan



Campanella played for nine years with the Elite Giants before Rickey tapped him for the Dodgers.

ey's activities as a publicity gimmick.

The black press, while welcoming the latest development, debated the wisdom of the choices. Wendell Smith in *The Pittsburgh Courier* described Campanella as "the best hitting catcher in Negro baseball" and Newcombe as "the most promising hurler." Sam Lacy of the *Baltimore Afro-American* displayed less enthusiasm. He withheld comment on Newcombe, with whom he was unfamiliar, but he expressed skepticism about Campanella's talents. If the Dodgers had obtained the services of "the best catcher in colored baseball," Lacy saw this as a "distinction that is definitely on the dubious side," given the poor quality of catching in the Negro leagues.

With the formalities of their signing and its attendant publicity at an end, Campanella and Newcombe embarked for Nashua. They were an odd couple. Campanella hardly even looked like a baseball player. He stood 5' 9" and weighed nearly 200 pounds, a "sumo wrestler pared to catcher's size," according to Roger Kahn in *The Boys of Summer*. Newcombe, at 6' 4", towered over his companion. A strapping giant—Newk then weighed 215 pounds—he had the long arms and broad shoulders characteristic of his trade. Campanella, although only 24 years old, was a confident, relatively mature veteran of nine Negro league seasons. The 19-year-old Newcombe harbored doubts about his talents. "I never really thought I had that kind of ability," he says today. "[The Dodgers] liked me because I was so big and could throw the ball hard. But I was always wild. I didn't know where the ball was going."

to give deserving Negro players a chance to make good in Organized Baseball down through its farm clubs." The press adopted this theme. The *Brooklyn Eagle* commented that when the Dodgers signed Wright, "The boys in the back

room" had scoffed, "He's there to keep Jackie Robinson company. There'll be no more Negroes in organized baseball." The signing of Newcombe and Campanella proved they were "whistling off key." They could no longer dismiss Rick-

Campanella and Newcombe, thrust together as the only blacks in New England baseball, became close friends. Campanella radiated an infectious enthusiasm and love for the game. "He had a dash that was always a pleasure to share," wrote Lacy.

Rickey didn't indoctrinate Campanella and Newcombe as thoroughly as he had Robinson, but he gave them careful

instructions on how to behave. Campanella received a letter from Rickey advising him to avoid disputes, ignore taunts and sarcasm, and simply play ball. Before their departure for Nashua, Campanella and Newcombe met with Robinson in New York to discuss the coming season. "The three of us got together because we were embarking on this new idea and we had to have sort of a game plan to find out how we were going to operate as players," says Newcombe. The trio dis-

cussed the difficulties that they might face and agreed to abide by the rules set down by Rickey. Throughout the season, according to Newcombe, he and Campanella kept in contact with Robinson, exchanging ideas and comparing their experiences.

Nashua, wrote Wendell Smith, was "a typical New England town, quiet, liberal and said in its ways." Located 40 miles north of Boston, Nashua's residents appeared to have no qualms about welcoming black athletes. "These people are wonderful," the ebullient Campanella told the *Courier*. "Newcombe and I go anywhere we want to, do anything we please and are treated like long-lost sons." Newcombe and Campanella and their families were the entire black population of Nashua. They rarely saw the other blacks in the area, who lived at a lumber mill several miles outside of town. "We even had to go to the white barber shop," recalls Newcombe. "He didn't know how to cut black hair. We got scalped many times by the barber who tried. . . . He could have said, 'No, I don't cut black people's hair,' but he tried."

Newcombe and Campanella found themselves under the command of Player-Manager Walter Alston. Destined to become one of baseball's most famous skippers, Alston was, as was Nashua General Manager Buzzie Bavasi, in the early stages of his ascent through the Dodger organization. In 1946, at 34, the soft-spoken Alston was concluding an unsuccessful career on the field and had already managed for five years. He had played more than a decade in the minor leagues and in 1936, in his only at bat in the majors, had struck out. In 1944 Rickey, whose brother Frank had originally signed Alston to a St. Louis contract, offered him a job as player-manager of the Brooklyn Class B farm club in Trenton, N.J. After two years there, Alston moved to Nashua, which played in the Class B New England League.

Rickey didn't consult Alston about whether he would accept the two black players, nor did he give him any special instructions. "Nobody asked me a thing, and I never said a word about it," says Alston. "They sent me Newcombe and Campanella, and I didn't think too much about it except to wonder how good they were as ballplayers. I was wondering if they could help our club."

"They weren't around very long before I knew they were both good ballplayers and good guys," says Alston. "They were anxious to do well, do anything they could to help win a ball game. . . . When I saw them play a few games I was glad I had them on my club."

Alston had good reason to be pleased. Both Campanella and Newcombe started strongly at Nashua. Before the first game, against the Lynn (Mass.) Red Sox May 8, Campanella, recalling Robinson's dramatically successful debut in Jersey City three weeks earlier, commented, "I only hope that I can make as good a start. . . . I don't ask for the sensational kind of day Jackie had; that's expecting too much." Campanella's performance didn't match Robinson's, but he didn't miss by much. After grounding out in his first plate appearance, Campy stroked two singles and walked in his next three at bats. In the ninth inning, with a man on base, Campanella unloaded a 440-foot home run.

Newcombe was equally impressive in his initial appearance two days later. He retired the first eight men en route to a seven-hit, 3-0 shutout over the Pawtucket (R.I.) Slayers. Newk won his first four games before losing a 1-0 decision on June 27. Nashua fans appreciated Newcombe as a pitcher, but they seemed more delighted with his hitting. "They want to know," said the *Afro-American*. "Is this guy a pitcher or a hitter?" Newcombe collected two hits in his first game and thereafter became Alston's most reliable pinch hitter. During one week in June he won two games with doubles and a third with a home run. In one July game, despite a sore arm, he threw a four-hit 7-1 victory, striking out 14 men. He also drove in two runs with a single and two more with a home run. In early August his record was at 8-3 and his batting average .349.

Unlike Newcombe, Campanella didn't enjoy uninterrupted success. After a strong start, his hitting declined. An ankle injury, which kept him out of several

continued

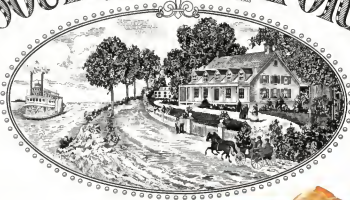


Newcombe was 33-10 and batted .287 at Nashua.

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Kent III: 2 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine; Kent: 13 mg. "tar,"
1.0 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report
December 1991. Kent Golden Lights: 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg.
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Car and Driver, Jan. '83

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early season games, contributed to his slump. In mid-June his average stood at only .235. A 21-game hitting streak in July and August, however, brought him up near .300 and into the team lead in home runs and runs batted in.

In the New England League, where most of the players were beginning their careers, the experienced Campanella provided a steadying influence. "I was glad to have him on my club," says Alston, "especially catching, where he could quarterback the team." A few weeks into the season Alston approached Campanella with an unexpected proposition. "Roy, you're a bit older than the other fellows on the club, and a great deal more experienced. They respect you," Campanella remembers Alston saying. "If I'm ever thrown out of a game, I want you to run things." Campanella, though a bit hesitant to accept, was extremely pleased. Thereafter, according to the Afro-American, he became Alston's chief adviser, having much to do with "the handling and removal of pitchers, the injection of pinch hitters and the selection of relief moundsmen."

In mid-June, during a game with the Lawrence (Mass.) Millionaires, umpires tossed out Alston in the sixth inning for arguing about a called strike. He handed over the lineup card to Campanella and departed. Two innings later, with a Dodger on base and Nashua trailing by one run, Manager Campanella made his first strategic move. He sent his roommate to the plate to pinch-hit. Newcombe responded with a home run and Nashua went on to win 7-5. As the first black manager, Campanella had a perfect 1-0 record.

Unlike Robinson, Campanella and Newcombe were subjected to few beanballs and brushback pitches. This resulted, at least in part, from the presence of Newcombe in the pitching rotation. "I had the ball in my hand," explains Newcombe. "Nobody was going to bother me." On occasion, opposition bench jockeys would unleash a torrent of racial abuse and invective at Campanella, Newcombe and Manager Alston, who advised his players to ignore the taunts; if the insults proved too difficult for them to handle, Alston, as manager, would attempt to curtail them by confronting his opposite number and "asking" him to control his players. Both Campanella and Newcombe ignored the name-calling.



Thrown earlier, Veech was determined to bring a black player to the Indians in 1947.

"There wasn't much that happened," asserts Alston, a verdict supported by both players.

For both Newcombe and Campanella the 1946 season was a triumphant one. Newcombe won 14 of 18 decisions and two more games in the Governor's Cup playoffs. He had a 2.21 earned run average. He also demonstrated the batting talents that would make him one of the best hitting pitchers in baseball history. Campanella impressed all observers, not only with his hitting, but with his defensive skills and handling of pitchers. A unanimous choice as the all-league catcher, he finished the season with a .290 batting average and led the team with 13 home runs and 96 RBIs. *The Sporting News* called him the "outstanding star" in the playoffs. Stories in the black press touted Campy as the Brooklyn catcher in 1947. There was speculation that he might reach the parent club before Robinson. *The Sporting News*, while more conservative, still labeled Campanella and Newcombe as "two of the top prospects in the Brooklyn chain."

The successes of Robinson, Campa-

nella and Newcombe during the 1946 season constituted the most significant developments in the campaign to desegregate baseball. However, a "third front," generally ignored at the time and largely forgotten today, also existed. In the small French-Canadian city of Three Rivers (Trois-Rivières), Que., Wright, a right-hander, and Parlow, a left-hander, both of whom had had brief trials with Montreal, completed their seasons in the Class C Canadian-American League.

Three Rivers is an industrial city some 85 miles northeast of Montreal on the St. Lawrence River. The local baseball team, the Royals, had just joined the extensive Dodger farm system, and the 50,000 residents were especially ready participants in the postwar baseball fervor sweeping the U.S. and Canada. Fans flocked to the ball park and supported the team in a variety of other ways. Merchants provided prizes for the slightest accomplishment by a player. A single might win a free meal, a double maybe a steak dinner. "The kids, every time they came to bat, could win a prize," recalls Frenchy Bordagaray, the Three Rivers

continued

manager in '46. "They gave so many prizes, the merchants did, that the kids ate free most of the time."

In Bordagaray, Rickey had provided the new Dodger affiliate with one of baseball's master showmen. A major league player for more than a decade, Bordagaray had served with five different teams. While he had never been one of the game's leading stars, he had twice batted better than .300 and ranked as one of baseball's best pinch hitters.

In 1946 the 34-year-old Bordagaray reached the end of his major league career. With so many veterans returning from the war, Rickey asked him if he'd be interested in a managing job. Bordagaray believed that he could still play in the majors. Furthermore, he needed to collect only one more big league paycheck to qualify for the majors' newly established pension plan. Rickey discounted his fears for the future. The pension, argued the Dodger executive, was a passing thing; it would never pay any benefits. The persuasive Rickey won out, though his bad advice later cost Bordagaray thousands of dollars in retirement benefits.

Both Bevis and Marcel Dufresne, the general manager at Three Rivers, had requested Bordagaray as manager. Bordagaray, who spoke French, chose Three Rivers and became an instant fan favorite, playing the outfield and managing. He hit .363 and won the league's Most Valuable Player award.

In mid-May the Royals assigned Wright to Three Rivers. Like Alton in Nashua, Bordagaray received neither consultation nor special instructions regarding his new player. "They didn't ask me nothing," says Bordagaray. "They just sent him. They said they were sending me a ballplayer." On the Three Rivers team, recalls Bordagaray, "We had all nationalities: blacks, whites, Frenchmen, Jewish boys. We had the whole works. The funny thing about it was I never thought of him as black. I just thought of him as a ballplayer." Raised in the small town of Coalinga, Calif., Bordagaray had little previous ex-

posure to nonwhites. "I didn't know anything about blacks," he admits. "I was born in a town where I never saw a black."

Wright's own reaction to his new surroundings is not known. Cut from the Montreal team on which Robinson was now starring, and demoted to the C leagues, the only black in the Canadian-

Partlow, when he stepped on the mound in the Canadian-American League, he proved virtually unbeatable. He started his first game for Three Rivers on July 16, the very day he reported, and walked the first three batters to face him. Remarkably, he then struck out the next three batters and proceeded to fan a total of 10 men before yielding to relief from

Wright in the eighth. Three Rivers won 7-4.

Partlow won nine straight games before losing, finishing the season with a 10-1 record. Of the 11 games he started, he completed nine. Partlow also demonstrated his batting talents, with a .404 average. Partlow's arrival seemed to inspire Wright. He had five straight victories to run his record from 6-7 to 12-8 at the end of the season. Partlow's appearance also marked a turning point for the Three Rivers team, just as Rickey had promised. Behind his and Wright's pitching, Three Rivers closed the gap on the league-leading Pittsfield (Mass.) Electric. On the final day of the season the Royals emerged winners in a tight four-team race.

Partlow continued his rampage during the league playoffs. In the seven-game series against the Rome (N.Y.) Colonels, Partlow threw three of Three Rivers' four victories. He won the opener 12-1 on a four-hitter, was a 13-3 winner in the fourth game and hurled another four-hitter in the seventh, a 10-1 triumph. In the fifth game Wright had his only decision, a 4-2 loss in relief.

Three Rivers faced Pittsfield in the championship series. The teams split the first two games. In the third, Partlow took over. Making his first pitching appearance of the series, he tossed a six-hit, 11-1 victory. The following day he appeared as a pinch hitter in the 11th inning with the score tied 6-6 and two men on base, and he hit a two-run triple to win the game. Wright was the beneficiary of Partlow's clutch hit. In Game 5, Partlow again pinch-hit and scored the winning run in a 9-6 come-from-behind triumph. For the second game in a row Wright was the winning pitcher. Three Rivers closed out the



Doby was in an Indians' uniform an hour after signing.

American League and in the town of Three Rivers, Wright may well have regretted leaving the Negro leagues. If so, he never mentioned it. His indifferent performance, however, may have indicated his disappointment.

Partlow hadn't wanted to go to Three Rivers. When the orders announcing his demotion reached him in Montreal, he deserted the Royals and disappeared. Two days later he requested an audience with Rickey in Brooklyn. After a brief meeting, Partlow agreed to join Wright.

Whatever emotions churned inside of

continued

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series, four games to one, with Partlow and Wright sharing the spotlight, and Partlow was named the outstanding athlete in the Canadian-American League championships.

The Canadian-American League playoffs marked the end of Wright's career in Organized Baseball. He barnstormed around the nation in the fall of 1946 with the Jackie Robinson All-Stars and played winter ball in Puerto Rico. In January 1947 the Dodgers released him. He rejoined the Homestead Grays and pitched two more years in the Negro leagues. Partlow, on the other hand, had earned an invitation to go to spring training with Montreal in 1947. There he would be joined by Campanella. Robinson by then would be gone, moving to Brooklyn to become the first black in the majors. Newcombe stayed on in Nashua for another season.

On July 3, 1947, Bill Veeck, the ebullient owner of the Cleveland Indians, announced that he had purchased the contract of Larry Doby from the Newark Eagles, thus breaking the color barrier in the American League. Ever since Veeck had acquired the Indians the preceding year, observers had considered him the most likely owner to join Rickey in the hiring of blacks. In 1941, at the age of 27, he'd taken over a bankrupt minor league franchise in Milwaukee. Supplementing the traditional entertainment on the field with fireworks, acrobatics, clowns and giveaways, Veeck resuscitated baseball in that city. Five years later, he unleashed the same innovations in Cleveland and attendance immediately skyrocketed. Through it all Veeck never lost sight of the ultimate goal of a successful baseball franchise: to field a winning team. This commitment impelled him to sign Doby.

"When I came to Cleveland, I was almost sure I was going to sign a Negro player," Veeck wrote in his autobiography. He realized the potential box office appeal of black athletes but ranked that as a secondary consideration. "We were drawing better than Brooklyn," he says.

From the forthcoming book, Baseball's Great Experiment: Jackie Robinson and His Legacy, by Jules Tygiel, to be published by Oxford University Press.

"That wasn't a factor. I simply couldn't find, at those prices, a ballplayer with similar talents."

Nonetheless, wrote Veeck, "I moved slowly and carefully, perhaps even timidly." Although the Cleveland Browns football team had integrated the preceding year with few problems, Veeck feared adverse reaction among local residents. "... if Jackie Robinson was the ideal man to break the color line, Brooklyn was the ideal place," he explains. "I wasn't that sure about Cleveland." As his first preparatory move, Veeck hired Lou Jones, a black public relations man, to work for the Indians. He assigned Jones to meet with black community leaders and lay the groundwork among Cleveland's black citizens. Jones also would serve as a "companion and buffer" for the athlete he selected.

In Veeck's discussions with black sportswriters and other Negro league observers, they repeatedly mentioned

Doby, a 22-year-old native of South Carolina, as the top young prospect. Cleveland scouts confirmed this opinion. Following the death of his father, when Doby was only eight, he and his mother moved to East Orange, N.J. In high school, Doby became a spectacular four-letter athlete, good enough to earn a basketball scholarship at Long Island University under Coach Clair Bee. Doby attended LIU for three months before signing with the Newark Eagles of the Negro National League in 1943. Shortly thereafter, he enlisted in the Navy. He batted .342 for the all-black Great Lakes Naval Training Station team, which often competed against squads with major-leaguers. At the end of the war he returned to the Eagles and quickly established himself as one of the top stars in black baseball. In July 1947, he was leading the Negro National League in batting with a .415 average and in home runs with 14.

The Dodgers also expressed an interest in Doby. Brooklyn scouts rated him the best young Negro league player. "Oh, you had to like Doby," recalls former Dodger Scout Clyde Sukeforth. "He could run and he had real good power." Brooklyn almost signed Doby, but news that the Indians also sought him changed the Dodgers' plans. "Wendell Smith called me and said that Doby was going to be signed by someone else, but he'd prefer Brooklyn," says Sukeforth. "So, I spoke to Mister Rickey, but he said, 'By all means, let him go over to the other league. It will help the movement.' " Rickey also expected that the acceptance of blacks on another team would ease the pressure on Robinson and the Dodgers.

Veeck's integration strategy differed markedly from Rickey's. Rickey had, in the words of Cleveland's perceptive black sportswriter, Doc Young, "planned Robinson's entrance as carefully as a man would plan building a house of matchsticks." Veeck felt that the resultant publicity had placed too much pressure on Robinson. "I'm not going to sign a Negro player and send him to a farm club. I'm



Boardman could still hit, as his .363 average attested.

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going to get one I think can play with Cleveland," he advised the *Courier* at a winter party. "One afternoon when the team trots out on the field, a Negro player will be out there with it." Veeck employed this strategy with Doby. As a result, neither Doby nor the Indian players received much forewarning. Veeck formally announced the signing of Doby in Chicago on July 5. That afternoon Doby joined the club for its game with the White Sox.

Cleveland sportswriters described the atmosphere in the Indian locker room as "tension charged" when Doby entered. But most of the players greeted Doby cordially. Only Les Fleming, a first baseman from Texas, evidenced displeasure, turning his back as Doby approached to be introduced. In the dugout, two unidentified black men in street clothing appeared—detectives assigned by the Chicago police to guard Doby.

In the seventh inning of that day's Indians-White Sox game, less than three hours after he'd signed a Cleveland contract, Doby made his American League debut as a pinch hitter. "I was so scared. I didn't even know how many men were out," he told a reporter. He was greeted by a hearty round of applause by the Chicago fans. With his "teeth chattering" Doby swung wildly at the first pitch. On the next pitch he slammed a "scorching drive" that was foul by inches. Three pitches later he struck out.

Doby found that while his teammates displayed no open hostility, few went out of their way to befriend him. Lou Boudreau and Joe Gordon were exceptions. Boudreau was the Indians' manager and star shortstop—the leader in the dugout and on the field. When Doby arrived, Boudreau personally introduced him to his teammates and warmed up with him on the sidelines. "He imparted, by implication, his desires to the players," observed a Cleveland correspondent. Boudreau treated Doby as a typical rookie, neither pushing nor patronizing him. Gordon, the respected veteran second baseman, worked with Doby on his fielding and repeatedly gave him encouragement. In one of his first games, Doby struck out, swinging at three pitches. Disheartened, he returned to the dugout, walked past his teammates and sat at the end of the bench, head in hands. Gordon, the next batter, facing a pitcher against whom he normally hit well, also flailed



When Brown's presence didn't boost Browns' attendance, he was cut after only 17 days.

away at three straight pitches and returned to the bench, following the same route as Doby. He sat down next to Doby and also placed his head in his hands. "I never asked Gordon then, and I wouldn't ask him today, if he struck out deliberately," Veeck said later. The gesture was not lost on Doby. "After that, every time that Doby went out on the field, he would pick up Gordon's glove and throw it to him," recalled Veeck. "It's as nice a thing as I ever saw or heard of in sports."

Despite the efforts of Boudreau and Gordon, Doby led a lonely existence. Ini-

tially, rumors circulated that the Indians would recruit a second black player as Doby's companion and roommate on the road. This didn't occur. Jones filled this role during the first few weeks, but he soon returned to his normal public relations responsibilities. When the Indians traveled, Doby roomed alone. In some cities hotels barred him. "I explained to the Negro community that I could not, and would not, discommode the entire team for one person," said Veeck at the time. He promised to use "all due haste and what muscle we had" to force

continued

changes. But during the 1947 season, the Indians abided by hotel policies. In Chicago and St. Louis, Doby stayed in black hotels. In Washington, D.C., surprisingly, the previously restricted Hotel Statler accepted Doby as its first black guest.

Doby could turn for solace and comfort to the black players who had preceded him. When the news of Doby's signing reached Montreal, Campanella immediately wrote to Doby, telling him what he could expect from fans, teammates and opponents. And throughout the season, Robinson and Doby remained in regular contact, discussing their problems and frustrations. "Jackie and I talked often," recalls Doby. "Maybe we kept each other from giving up."

"In St. Louis they say that the fans would never stand for Negroes on the Cardinals or the Browns," wrote Dan Daniel in the July 16 *New York World-Telegram* after the Doby signing. "St. Louis, they insist, 'is too much a Southern city.'" Events quickly proved Daniel a poor prophet. On the following day the St. Louis Browns defied such conventional wisdom by purchasing the contracts of Hank Thompson and Willard Brown from the Kansas City Monarchs and taking out a 30-day option on the services of Piper Davis of the Birmingham Black Barons.

The Browns signed the black players as an act of desperation. They were firmly entrenched in the American League cellar, 26 games out of first. The Browns' attendance, never substantial, had plummeted. Earlier that week an afternoon game had drawn only 478 spectators.

Brown, Thompson and Davis possessed undeniable talents. But unlike the Dodgers and Indians, the Browns hadn't carefully scouted the Negro leagues. Nor had they examined the character of the men that they had recruited. Brown had long been regarded as one of the best black players. He was a powerful hitter, had excellent speed but was a suspect outfielder. Other Negro-leaguers dubbed him the Big Bomb, and in the Caribbean winter leagues, fans called him *Ese Hombre* (That Man) for his home run-hitting prowess. The Browns reported that Brown was 26 years old, but it was widely held that he had long ago passed his 30th birthday. Some observers considered him on the downward slide. Thompson, on the other hand, was a solid young prospect. Though only 21 years old,

Thompson batted .347 and fielded well for Kansas City in 1947.

Nonetheless, it seems surprising that the Browns would have taken a chance on Thompson. A product of reform

the major leagues. Yet the Browns didn't place Davis on their roster. He remained with the Black Barons while a St. Louis scout evaluated his performance. The Browns' option prohibited him from



From the start of his career, Robinson's electrifying base running and his talent for stealing hit

school whom police had twice arrested, Thompson drank heavily and always carried a gun with him off the field. Describing his life he later wrote, "Nothing ever was more serious than baseball. Yes, one thing, Drink." It appears likely that the Browns had no knowledge of Thompson's problems, an indication of the haste and lack of planning characteristic of their plunge into integration.

Davis was probably the most likely of the three recruits to succeed. A line-drive hitter adept at all infield and outfield positions, he had received strong consideration from the Dodgers in 1945. Many scouts felt that he would be a standout in

signing with another club. Brown and Thompson, on the other hand, were brought to the Browns on a trial basis. St. Louis paid the Monarchs \$10,000 for their services; if either remained with the Browns, the Monarchs would receive an additional sum.

Brown and Thompson not only failed to lift the Browns from the cellar, but also did little to boost home attendance. On the road, black fans poured out to see them in New York, Philadelphia and Washington. An Eastern tour in late July attracted 250,000 fans on 12 dates, an unusually large turnout to see the last-place club. But in St. Louis, where Robinson's

appearances with the Dodgers against the Cardinals had pocked Sportsman's Park, the presence of the two black players had no effect on attendance.

The failure of the Browns' experiment



skilled his fans and frightened opposing pitchers.

soon became apparent to all. In mid-August Davis declined an offer to play in the minor leagues and the Browns dropped their option on him. On Aug. 23, barely a month after their signing, St. Louis released Brown and Thompson. Brown had batted only .179. Thompson, on the other hand, had earned a starting berth and hit .256, one of the best averages among the weak-hitting Browns. Thompson asked General Manager William DeWitt for an explanation. According to Thompson, DeWitt looked uncomfortable and advised him, "There are things I can't discuss." Brown and Thompson, the first black teammates in the major leagues,

became the first blacks to be cut from a major league roster.

With the Montreal Royals in 1947, Campanella ranked as the premier black minor-leaguer. Following in Robinson's footsteps, Campanella experienced few problems. "Jackie made things easy for us," Campanella explained. "I'm just another guy playing baseball."

The Dodgers had kept Newcombe in Nashua so that he could gain experience. He became the outstanding pitcher in the New England League, with a 19-6 record. For most of the season, Newcombe was the sole black on the team and he roomed with a white player, Catcher Gus Galipeau, on the road. The year before, Campanella had roomed briefly with a white player, Joe Tumminelli, a first in Organized Baseball.

Despite numerous rumors of the imminent signing of black players, only the Dodgers, Indians and Browns took the fateful step. Surprisingly, both Rickey and Veeck reinforced the opinion that few blacks were ready for the majors by saying that few qualified players remained in the Negro leagues. The rationale for these proclamations remains unclear. Both the Dodgers and Indians had scouting reports that indicated otherwise.

The failure of Organized Baseball to follow Rickey's lead more actively sparked protests by radical groups in several cities. When Doby played in Washington, representatives of American Youth for Democracy picketed the ball park and urged the Senators to hire blacks. In California, the local Communist party applied pressure on Pacific Coast League clubs to recruit black players. "The Dodgers . . . and the Indians and Browns, too . . . have a word for it . . . Democracy!" read a handbill distributed in Los Angeles. "Why not the [Los Angeles] Angels and the [Hollywood] Stars?" In San Francisco, where the Seals had entered "preliminary negotiations" to sign Sam Jethroe, the National Maritime Union passed a resolution in favor of this action. The Seals retreated, citing numerous letters of protest.

The South also felt the impact of the

integration breakthrough. Many Southern towns with spring training camps or minor league teams began to reassess their racial policies. Several leagues and communities contemplated the adoption of formal rules preventing interracial play. In Greenville, S. C., where the Dodgers fielded a Class A farm club, fans subjected Bordagaray, who was now managing there, to considerable abuse. "The fans were mad because Jackie Robinson was playing for the Brooklyn Dodger ball club," recalls Bordagaray. "They were calling me 'nigger lover' and everything else. They split my son's lip wide open, threw a pop bottle at him."

During the 1947 season, Dan Daniel wrote "The Negro issue in the major leagues is fizzling out." To Daniel this represented "a good thing" because it indicated that blacks were no longer a "rar-ity." Columnist Vince Johnson of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* found "a moral of sorts" in the ability of the St. Louis Browns to simply release black players. "The acceptance or rejection of Negro talent has become more or less a routine matter," he observed. In reality, many years would pass before blacks in the major leagues would cease to be a rarity and transactions involving them would be routine.

Reflecting on baseball's experiment in race relations, Robinson once said, "I really believe that in breaking down the color barrier in baseball, our national game, Branch Rickey did more for the Negroes than any white man since Abraham Lincoln."

Rickey and Robinson didn't simply end baseball segregation. Their tours through the South, later emulated by other teams, challenged deeply entrenched Jim Crow traditions. Racial exclusion in most Southern baseball leagues terminated before the onset of the major civil rights agitation. As Rickey noted, "Integration in baseball started public integration on trains, in Pullmans, in dining cars, in restaurants in the South, long before the issue of public accommodation became daily news." Within two decades, many barriers had fallen for ball-player, bishop or bellhop. Throughout the nation black athletes represented both the harbinger and the agents of change. Without question, the events unleashed by the historic alliance between Robinson and Rickey significantly altered American society.





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PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD C. MOORA



"Chris is kind of a mysterious person," John Akers, sports editor of the Ames (Iowa) Daily Tribune, has said. "He believes that

Hercules was a real man, for example. And that with enough work a human being can become as strong as a full-grown lion." Forewarned, a visitor comes to an old farmhouse in western Ames seeking out 1981 world wrestling champion Chris Campbell, who answers the door. Campbell is fully bearded, with an intimidating stare and an imposing physique—5' 8" and 196 pounds of steel set in concrete. He wears faded gray sweats with lettering across the front of the shirt reading IOWA STATE WRESTLING. "My monk's robe," Campbell says, smiling. "Come in."

It's an April morning, and Campbell is fresh from two important victories. Competing in the 180.5-pound class, he won the prestigious World Cup in Toledo, Ohio in late March and the U.S.A. Wrestling Freestyle Championships in Madison, Wis. just days earlier. He's taking a few weeks off, he says. The day before, he ran six miles. Today he will both run and lift weights. "I don't feel like I did anything yesterday," he explains. "Besides, I'm getting to be an old man. I'm 28 now, and I've been getting lazy. I have to start pushing myself harder."

A two-time NCAA 177-pound champion for Iowa in the mid-1970s, Campbell soured on life in Iowa City and moved west to Ames four years ago, becoming an assistant coach at Iowa State. What he brought with him, from the looks of his living room, was nothing. "Chairs aren't very good for the body," he says. There is one chair, for guests.

continued

The '81 world 180.5-pound champ, Chris Campbell has plans to put L.A. Olympic opponents in the soup

by CRAIG NEFF

Campbell: M'm! M'm! Good!

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and cushions and pillows on the floor. "Upstairs, all our mattresses are on the floor," he continues. "And they're hard mattresses. For support." As Campbell speaks, the "our" arrives. Christopher Campbell II, almost two, wanders in from the kitchen, followed by his mother, Laura, who has just sent the family's other child, Rachel, off to third grade. Laura tries to explain the sparse furnishings. "It's creative space," she says.

By that she means it leaves room for her husband and herself to stretch, practice yoga and exercise. Laura is a 5'6", 135-pound body builder, racquetball hustler and all-around health junkie; her hours spent in the living room are a labor of love. For her husband the stretching and exercising are beyond that, they are medically necessary. Campbell, who has scoliosis (curvature of the spine), did not compete in 1979 because of an ailing upper back, a condition that recurred in 1981 and '82 and nearly forced him to retire. Between September 1981, when he won the world 180.5-pound championship in Skopje, Yugoslavia, and last November, when he triumphed in the 190-pound class at the Great Plains tournament in Lincoln, Neb., Campbell didn't

compete at all. Were it not for a sports medicine clinic in Seattle, where doctors devised a regimen of therapeutic exercises and weight workouts for him last spring, Campbell would not be—as he now is—the favorite for a 1984 Olympic gold medal. He would be neither Hercules nor a lion.

"Did Chris tell you about the brick wall phenomenon?" asks Laura, who's sitting on the carpet stretching her hamstrings. Chris, who typically trains seven hours a day, responds by describing the state of ultimate mental and physical preparedness that he has attained on occasion, as in 1980, when he upset both Mark Lieberman, a highly regarded wrestler from Lehigh, and John Peterson, gold medalist at the 1976 Games, to make the U.S. Olympic team. "I reach a point where I feel that I can actually walk through a brick wall, that I'm invincible," Campbell says. "In 1980, really, I was beyond walking through a wall. I was that ready." Then the Moscow boycott stopped him cold. "After that, you felt like you maybe could have climbed over the brick wall," says Laura jokingly.

"I would have needed a ladder," says Chris.

Actually, Campbell is a wrestler more likely to take apart a wall brick by brick. In 1981 he became the first American ever to be named Most Technically Prepared at the world championships, and he's so proficient at his moves, especially headlocks and high crotch lifts, that some think he isn't as aggressive as he should be. "When you execute as well as Chris does, you really don't expend that much effort," says Iowa Assistant Coach J. Robinson. "Sometimes he seems to ease up too much and look at his wrestling like a work of art."

Campbell's tendency to sit on leads of 3-2 or 6-5 as a collegian not only earned him a reputation for stalling but turned some action-hungry Iowa fans against him. Critics found his matches about as exciting to watch as the sculpting of granite. "He's so quick, so explosive, that people expected him to be spectacular all the time," says Robinson. "But I'll say this: We never had to worry about whether he'd win or not."

On the mat that has always been the case Campbell, who won all 42 of his matches at Westfield (N.J.) High, came to Iowa as a walk-on in 1973 and went 122-7-2 over four seasons. He de-

continued

The artist at work: Campbell grimaces as he tries one of the moves he's especially noted for, a crotch lift, on Iowa State's Murray Crews.



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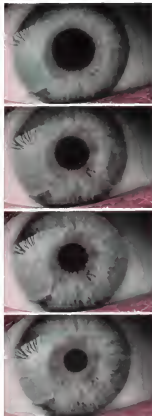
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feated Mark Johnson of Michigan 4-3 in the 1976 NCAA finals—"I was [Iowa Coach] Dan Gable's first national champion and I'm proud of that," says Campbell—and then beat Johnson again, 9-5, for the '77 NCAA title. Had it not been for a knee injury his sophomore year, Campbell might have been a three-time collegiate champion. Life outside wrestling, however, was never so easy.

Campbell has described his childhood as a "classic ghetto situation—no father, a mother who works for white people, the whole bit." His mother, Marjorie Lee, still works cleaning houses in Westfield. His father, Howard Thomas, is a junior high school principal in the Bronx in New York City, but Campbell, an only child, didn't see him until eight years ago. "All the fathers I saw were under severe economic pressures," recalls Campbell. "A lot of them turned to alcohol and quite a few beat their kids. I was kind of glad that I didn't have one." Campbell, however, did inherit athletic ability from the 6' 3" Thomas, a former All-America halfback for Howard University who could run the 100 in 9.4. "There was a lot of folklore about my grandfather, too," says Campbell. "He used to wrestle around on street corners and they say he never got thrown."

Campbell himself spent time picking fights on street corners until the day he met up with a youth league wrestler. "He was this little frail kid who was liping off, so I thought I'd put him in his place," says Campbell. "He double-legged me and rolled me. I was shocked. I couldn't do a thing." Campbell took an immediate interest in wrestling.

Marjorie Lee was devoutly religious, first as a Baptist and later as a Jehovah's Witness, and she reared her son by strict church doctrine. Campbell's religious beliefs kept him away from competition until he was a high school junior; Jehovah's Witnesses believe that time spent in organized sports is better spent serving God. But Campbell kept in shape by going over to Union County College in neighboring Cranford each afternoon and practicing with the team there. "They had a few state champions," he recalls. "It probably was good for me." The following year he was back competing for Westfield High, no longer as committed to his religion.

After winning the New Jersey state 167-pound championship as a senior in

1973, Campbell thought himself ready for major college competition. But the Big Four—Iowa, Iowa State, Oklahoma and Oklahoma State—weren't interested in him. Further, says Iowa State Coach Harold Nichols, "For religious reasons his mother wouldn't even sign the information questionnaire we sent out. She wouldn't have signed a letter of intent either, and without that there would have been no guarantee he'd show up at school." Facing the choice of a scholarship offer from Montclair (N.J.) State, a similar bid from the University of Maryland and to college at all—has mother's preference—Campbell chose none of the above. He sold his 1962 Plymouth Valiant a few days after graduation for \$95 and used the proceeds to buy a plane ticket to Iowa.

He arrived in Iowa City, where in July he would wrestle in a national high school tournament and, he hoped, impress a few coaches. Meanwhile he worked in an auto-parts factory scraping excess rubber off door handles for the minimum wage. "It was about 100 degrees in there, and the foremen didn't have the most enlightened ideas about human relations," Campbell says. Fortunately, he performed well in the July tournament, losing a 2-1 referee's decision in the finals to, ironically, a much-heralded Michigan recruit, Mark Johnson. Iowa offered Campbell a partial scholarship and a job cleaning the wrestling mats.

Now free to live as he pleased, Campbell went, in his words, "crazy for six years." That's how long it took him to earn his sociology degree, an unsurprising fact, considering his statement as a freshman that "I didn't come here to go to school, but to learn wrestling style and technique." That's also how many years he spent "discovering my morals. If I hadn't done something before or if there was something that seemed to conflict with my morals, I tried it. You name it. Everything."

After completing his eligibility in

1977, Campbell had to take a job in a bar to make a living, and his wrestling suffered. He placed fifth at the '77 world championships in Lausanne, Switzerland and lost to Peterson in the trials for the '78 world championship team.



Chris is the one who has both feet on the ground.

Along the way he met Laura, a psychology major at Iowa whose background was in total contrast to his own. She had grown up on a farm near tiny Fostoria, Iowa (pop. 125), getting straight A's in school and helping her family raise corn, soybeans and beef. However, Laura was a wrestling fan. "All my boyfriends had always been wrestlers," she says. "I wanted

continued



The Campbells are hard-core runners and vegetarians.

CHRIS CAMPBELL *continued*

to be a wrestler myself, but as a woman I was denied the opportunity."

Campbell learned about denial of opportunity soon after he and Laura were married in March 1979. For reasons still unclear to him, the Hawkeye Wrestling Club—sort of an Iowa wrestlers' alumni association—wouldn't sponsor him while he trained. Needing work to support himself, his wife and Rachel (Laura's child from a previous marriage), he applied for jobs everywhere, but didn't find one until he finally signed on as a guard at Iowa Security and Medical Facility on the outskirts of Iowa City.

"They called it a mental hospital, but it was a prison," says Campbell. "They said they believed in behavior modification for criminals, which was a joke. They believed in humiliating and torturing human beings. They'd put guys in confinement without any clothing or blankets, so the guys would get very cold. It was the most depressing time of my life. The day I was going to quit, they fired me, which I considered the ultimate compliment."

Campbell next tried to join the Coralville, Iowa police force but was turned down despite having, he says, high test scores. He filed a complaint with the Iowa Civil Rights Commission, which found grounds for a racial discrimination suit. The case is still in litigation. Camp-

bell meanwhile had had his fill of Greater Iowa City.

He received an offer in September 1979 to come to Ames from Nichols, 66, who has coached six NCAA team champions and such individual stars as Olympic gold medalists Gable and Ben Peterson. Under the agreement Campbell would have to coach part-time and work toward a master's degree; in return Nichols would give him a small stipend and employ Laura as a seamstress in the wrestling equipment business owned by his son. "It was a sweatshop," says Laura.

"At least you earned your way," answers Chris. "I was a freeloader."

Campbell became a fully salaried assistant in 1981, leaving Laura free to shift into volunteer work for a local health-food cooperative. Finally, it seemed, everyone was happy. And everyone's was—until three weeks ago, when Nichols axed Campbell from his staff, saying Campbell had been spending too much time training himself and too little time coaching. Campbell was stunned by both the news and the explanation. "A lot of the wrestlers think I did too much coaching," he says. "I ran the practices. I planned out what we'd do. Maybe the boss just wasn't feeling like the boss anymore."

In any case, Laura is back searching the help wanted ads, and Chris is canvassing businesses in Iowa and in Westfield, seeking donations to help defray his training expenses. Surprisingly, they will move back to Iowa City later this summer. "For all the drawbacks it has, it's still the best place for me to train," explains Chris. "There's no question I'll have better workout partners and coaching. Actually, this could be what makes me a gold medalist."

Yet no matter what happens in Iowa City, Laura will still be the greatest influence on her husband. Not only has she converted Chris to vegetarianism, she has also become his trusted technical adviser. Probably the world's most knowledgeable woman wrestling coach, Laura can be found in Chris's corner at almost every match and has been asked by other

wrestlers to help them, too. Nonetheless, several members of the U.S. coaching staff didn't want her staying in the same room with Chris during the 1981 world championships in Skopje. "It was crazy. They called to hassle me and then wrote a letter saying my baby might die if I brought it to Yugoslavia," says Laura. Chris threatened to fly home if Laura wasn't allowed to stay with him. She stayed.

Neither Campbell, obviously, is afraid to speak out. At an Ames High wrestling banquet held last year, Chris, the keynote speaker, capped off the potluck meal with a speech that went down like another helping of the Beefaroni au gratin. "He got up there and started talking about how the meat was rotting in our stomachs," says Alkers. "I don't think it even occurred to him that he was grossing out three-quarters of the people."

No one watches television in the Campbell home; the set's in a closet. "We found it destroyed our family structure to have it out," says Chris, who skips Sunday workouts to be with his wife and children. Laura, however, whose family didn't have a TV until she was 19, admits, "I sort of miss seeing reruns of old shows I never saw, like *Hogan's Heroes*."

The books in the Campbell house are upstairs, and they cram the shelves. Laura's are the volumes on nutrition, fitness and do-it-yourself projects. Chris has contributed various Bibles, the Koran, the Bhagavad Gita—as well as the science fiction novels. "I never read much when I was growing up," he says. "When I decided I wanted to go to law school someday, I realized I'd have to learn to read faster, so I chose an interest—science fiction—and went through every book I could get my hands on."

Robinson, his former coach, training partner and friend at Iowa, finds Campbell's choice of subject appropriate. "We used to sit around downtown in Iowa City and listen to Chris tell us what he was going to be," Robinson says. "At first he wanted to be an astronaut. Then it was a pilot. Then it was a lawyer. Then it was President of the United States. Chris is a bit of a dreamer, but I think that's important." With victories at this September's world championships in Kiev, U.S.S.R. and the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles, Campbell can prove he's more than a dreamer. And, except to opponents, really no mystery at all. **1980**



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The good news is that Pete Rose gave a virtuoso batting performance last week. The bad news is that he did it playing pepper. Rose took those awful swings in Busch Stadium several hours before a game between his Phillies and the Cardinals. He swung casually, effortlessly. No matter how bad the throw, he hit smartly

the first time, and I had a different role. I look at my .271 as a .291."

This year?
"When I went 0 for 20, I wasn't swinging and missing. I just wasn't getting hits. When I go into a real slump, I start topping the ball. I wasn't doing that, so I wasn't worried. I never struck out and I

by Jim Kaplan

more serious than Rose lets on. He didn't strike out, true, but he didn't hit line drives, either.

Pitchers are throwing him inside fastballs, challenging him to get around on them. He hasn't been successful, and when he gets pitches on the outside part of the plate, he has been popping them up instead of driving them.

"He approached me the other day and asked me, 'Do you think I'll break Cobb's

Is the bloom off the Rose?

Unless he picks up the pace, Pete Rose, 42, may not tie Cobb after all

to each fielder in turn. But when the game began Rose was on the bench.

For the first time since fans began to think of Rose as Ty Cobb's heir apparent as the record holder for career hits, there's doubt about his chances. Even Rose, in a rare unguarded moment, admitted as much last week. "It's obvious I can't catch Cobb if I'm not playing regularly." At week's end he mailed Cobb by 272 hits, 4,191 to 3,919—a formidable number when you are 42 years old, coming off your worst season in 18 years, batting .264—and your team's owner is talking about releasing you.

After going 0 for 20 from May 30 to June 7 and slumping to .238, Rose was benched for the first time in his 21-year career. He kept appearing as a pinch hitter and late-inning defensive replacement—indeed, last weekend he tied his personal best of 678 consecutive games played—but his run of nonstarts reached nine before he resumed, at least for the moment, his spot among the regulars Saturday night. The prospect of that start caused Rose to say, "My job is to play my tail off and get two hits a night so they won't want to take me out." Rose, starting at first base, did even better than that, getting three hits as the Phillies beat Pittsburgh 6-4. But on Sunday, in a 14-2 victory, Rose started in rightfield and was 1 for 4.

Rose isn't about to admit to anything so obvious as the ravages of age. With characteristic bravado, he has an answer for every question.

Last year?

"To be honest with you, I saw the ball good," he says. "I was batting second for

wasn't tentative in my swing. I could easily have had six or seven hits."

Being benched?

"Pat [Manager Pat Corrales] didn't ask me, I just got to the ball park and saw that I wasn't in the lineup. It's too bad this isn't basketball, where the sixth man plays as many minutes as the guys who start."

The future?

"I'm not worried about the Cobb record. I know I'll get it. Why should I sit here and talk about 1984? You put too much pressure on yourself. I don't smoke or drink, and I keep in great shape. In 20 years I've only missed 80 games. I'll be all right."

Was this positive thinking or wishful thinking by Rose, the ultimate optimist? The truth is, Philadelphia President Bill Giles almost decided not to renew Rose's contract

at the end of last season. "Late in August the thought crossed my mind," says Giles. "At the time he wasn't hitting, but he was playing with a bad heel. He recovered and hit well in September, and we were happy to keep him."

Rose has passed the point, however, where he can get either leg hits or homers. In spring training he had an inordinate number of weak grounders to the second baseman. He started the season in rightfield and was cruising along at .277. Then came the slump, which was



Rose would rather be in the lineup than the dugout.

record?" says Hank King, a former minor league pitcher who is Rose's confidant and the team's batting-practice pitcher. "I said, 'Sure, you just need a few days off.' He jokes about breaking the pinch-hitting record, but he has to be hurting inside."

Nonetheless, it's too early to be writing Rose's obituary. A victim of circumstance as much as poor play, he went bad when the Phillies were going bad and was on the bench when they started hitting. And few Phillies have been hotter than

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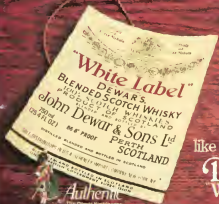
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Rose's competition for starting spots. First Baseman Tony Perez and Right-fielder Von Hayes.

After batting only 196 times for the Red Sox last season, Perez, 41, signed a one-year contract with the Phillies and sharpened his skills playing winter ball. At the end of last week he was batting .291, with five homers and 35 RBIs. Hayes, 24, whom the Phillies acquired during the winter from Cleveland in return for five players, missed most of spring training and the first two weeks of the season with a pulled hamstring muscle. He then developed tendinitis in his right shoulder. His average of .259 isn't spectacular, but in the last six games through Sunday he had hit .414, with two doubles, three triples, one homer, five RBIs and eight runs.

No wonder Rose rests. "I got a telegram from a fan saying I was ruining the history of baseball," says Corrales. "I'm sorry. When I came here in 1982, I told everybody, 'If you don't hit, you're not playing.' But Pete will be in there more often because Tony has to be rested."

"I think Pete should be playing every day," says Second Baseman Joe Morgan, Rose's longtime buddy and former Cincinnati teammate. "He was in rightfield when we were in first place at the start of the season." Rose won't be drawn into the debate, at least not in so many words. "The manager isn't paid to be popular," he says.

Ever the consummate professional, Rose has played well coming off the bench. In his nine-game reserve stint he went 5 for 11 and contributed to two winning rallies. "He beat me with a single on a bad pitch, up and away," says Pittsburgh's Rod Scurry. "He still hits those." Some scouts maintain that Rose's stroke is sound and his average will climb. "He was hitting .238 in June of 1979 and he finished at .331," says King.

But if his season-long pace doesn't pick up, Rose would need 180 hits in 1984 to pass Cobb. "I'd love to see him break the record while playing for Philadelphia," says Giles. "But if we didn't anticipate playing him every day, in fairness to him we'd have to release him."

"He's got a lot of pride," says Umpire John MSherry. "In San Diego they walked the man in front of him with a runner on third. I could see the look of anger in his eyes. He hit a long sacrifice fly and got the job done."

But it wasn't a hit.

INSIDE PITCH

by HERM WEISKOPF

"We believe in rolling the dice," said Cardinal General Manager Joe McDonald after trading the National League's best all-around first baseman, Keith Hernandez, 29, to the Mets for two strong-armed but suspect pitchers, Neil Allen and Rick Ownbey, both 25. Allen, who

"All I know is, I pass people on the street these days, and they don't know whether to say hello or to say goodbye."

—BILLY MARTIN
NEW YORK YANKEES

was treated for emotional problems earlier this year, at the time of the swap was 2-7 with a 4.50 ERA and had allowed 57 hits and 36 walks in 54 innings. In 34½ innings, Ownbey had given up 31 hits and 21 walks, was 1-3 and had a 4.67 ERA. St. Louis sent Ownbey to the minors but put Allen, once an outstanding reliever, in its starting rotation.

"If either one comes through, we'll be all right," McDonald said. "We have a surplus of outfielders, and we need pitching. Now we can move George Hendrick from right to first and give some playing time to three young outfielders—David Green, Dane Iorg and Andy Van Slyke." Van Slyke was hitting .368 with Louisville when he was brought up last Wednesday.

There were other considerations. One might be that the Cardinals agree with those hitters who are saying St. Louis Reliever Bruce Sutter's split-fingered fastball has gone awry. Thus, Allen may eventually pay off as bullpen insurance. Also, Hernandez was expected to seek a whopping raise when his contract expires at the end of 1984. "I can't say his contract didn't enter into it," McDonald admitted. Furthermore, Hernandez' batting has fallen steadily over the last four seasons, from .344 in 1979 to .293 as of the end of last week.

But Hernandez should help stabilize the young Met team, which became even more youthful last week when General Manager Frank Cashen made three other moves. Catcher Junior Ortiz, 23, was obtained from Pittsburgh; First Baseman

Mike Jorgensen, 34, was sent to Atlanta; and pitchers Walt Terrell and Tom Goeman, both 25, were brought up from the International League, where they were a combined 16-2. With Ortiz, Hernandez, Shortstop José Oquendo, 19, and Darryl Strawberry, 21, now starting, New York has made a 50% turnover from its Opening Day lineup. Obviously, the Mets also believe in rolling the dice.

"The only reason we did it was the speed," said White Sox Manager Tony LaRussa about the trade of second basemen that sent Tony Bernazard to the Mariners for Julio Cruz. Though last Sunday Cruz was leading the majors in stolen bases with 33. Another possible reason was Bernazard's unhappiness with management, partly because he lost an off-season salary arbitration case. "Apparently, his heart wasn't in it," LaRussa said of Bernazard's play this year. On the other hand, the Mariners knew that Cruz planned to become a free agent after this season.

With his speed, the switch-hitting Cruz would be ideal in the leadoff spot, which is where LaRussa wants him, at least against left-handed pitchers. Cruz, however, prefers batting ninth. When he has led off, he has sometimes worked himself into such a stew that he's become ill. "I'd put too much pressure on myself," Cruz says. "I'd feel if I didn't get a hit or get on my first time up and then score, that we'd lose."

Detroit's Kirk Gibson became the first player since Jason Thompson in 1977, and the 10th overall, to hit a fair ball out of Tiger Stadium since it was triple-decked in 1938. Gibson's blast to right, which landed on the roof of a lumber company, was officially measured at 523 feet. . . Remember Terry Felton, whose 0-13 mark with the Twins in '82 made him a record-breaking 0-16 for the start

FOUL BALL

"I didn't manage very well tonight," said Lee Elm of the Cubs after a 4-3 loss to the Mets in which he ordered Reliever Lee Smith to walk Darryl Strawberry, who was hitting .195, to get at Pinch Hitter Rusty Staub, another lefty, who was hitting .304. Staub won the game by singling in the 10th; it was his sixth hit in his last seven pinch-hit appearances.

of his big league career? Well, Felton, who lost his first four decisions this season at Toledo, won his first game at any level since August 1981—and broke an overall 17-game losing string—by beating Pawtucket 5-2... In his first 76 games as a rookie last year, Texas' Dave Hostetler hit 22 homers and batted .261. However in his last 37 games in '82 and his first 41 this year he has hit only two homers and batted .180.

"It looks like a fastball, but it's slow and it sinks. Even the ones they hit, they don't hit very well." That's Baltimore Pitcher Mike Boddicker's description of the odd-ball pitch that's helped him build a 4-2 record and 3.02 ERA since coming up last month to replace ailing Jim Palmer. Boddicker, a right-hander, began using his novel pitch when he was trying to learn how to throw a forkball at the University of Iowa. While vainly attempting to develop a proper forkball grip, Boddicker came up with a delivery that slips

BALL PARK FIGURES

In response to an SI poll, major league players named these catchers as the finest at fielding pop-ups:

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. Jim Sundberg, Rangers
2. Rick Dempsey, Orioles
3. Bob Boone, Angels
4. Lance Parrish, Tigers
5. Carlton Fisk, White Sox

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Gary Carter, Expos
2. Tony Pena, Pirates
3. Steve Yeager, Dodgers
4. Bruce Benedict, Braves
5. Mike Scioscia, Dodgers

out of his hand, rotates slightly and breaks like a screwball. He has dubbed the pitch the "forkscrew." Baltimore Pitching Coach Ray Miller, who feels the pitch is a combination of a forkball and a dead fish, has labeled it a "fishball."

"I hate day games," says California's Rod Carew, who prefers the unchanging light of night games and doesn't like to contend with shadows late in day games. "You're always blinking, fighting off all kinds of glare. You see the ball better at night. There's less tension in your eyes at night." Maybe so, but through last Sunday Carew was batting .463 in day games and .382 at night for his overall .409.

With his 12th homer and league-leading 46th RBI, Minnesota's Gary Ward defeated Texas 4-3. Astonishingly, that blow also gave Ward only his first game-winning RBI. Tom Brunansky is hitting .194 but leads the Twins with nine game-winning ribbies, second in the league. ... With Lenny Faedo hurt and with Ron Washington at his father's funeral, the Twins brought up Houston Jimenez from the minors to play shortstop. The 5' 7", 142-pound Jimenez was only 2 for 21 at the plate, but his glove work in the field helped Minnesota win four games in a row. "He made some plays that were sensational," said owner Calvin Griffith, who wants Jimenez to be his shortstop the rest of the year.

In his first start in 18 days, Alejandro Peña of the Dodgers gave up seven singles in 8½ innings and beat the Braves 6-1. Except for one relief appearance, Peña had been out of action while under-

going extensive medical tests, which determined that he has chronic migraines. By winning, Peña improved his record to 6-1 and pared his ERA to 1.93. "He doesn't throw quite as hard as Nolan Ryan, but his fastball has the same sinking and inside movement," said Atlanta's Dale Murphy, who took an 0-for-4 collar, striking out three times.

"My players' biggest problem was that they didn't know they're as good as they are," says Detroit Manager Sparky Anderson of the Tigers' turnaround since a May 13 meeting in which he told them they weren't making use of their talents. "Right now, they're finding out because they're playing hard every game. After the meeting, a few players said to me, 'Man, we needed that.'"

Apparently they did. At the time of the meeting, the Tigers were 12-15 and last in the American League East. Since then, they've been the hottest team in the league, going 23-14 through Sunday and climbing to third.

Giant Pitching Coach Herm Starrette used one of his pet plays to try to help struggling Reliever Greg Manton. "I asked Greg to take a little infield practice," says Starrette, "and he fielded the balls and threw easily to home or first. Then I asked, 'How are you throwing so nice and loose?' Greg realized what I was doing. He had been tight and was aiming his pitches."

"It sure felt different," said Manton after taking his looser delivery to the mound. "Suddenly, I was feeling the old

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

BOB WELCH: The Dodgers right-hander single-handedly beat Cincinnati 1-0, allowing six hits and hitting his first major league home run, off Mario Soto. His last three victories have all been shutouts.

motion, and instead of wondering if I could throw a strike, I'd throw and know it was a strike without even trying."

In his six complete games, five of them wins, California's Tommy John has gotten an average of 16.3 ground ball outs. ... Shortstop Rick Burleson is at the Angel farm team in Edmondson continuing his comeback from a rotator cuff tear. Through Sunday, he was 8 for 31 with two throwing errors.

CHICAGO WHITE SOX 1983 YEAR									
Catcher									
Pitcher									
1. R. Felt	2. E. Carter	3. J. Fisk	4. J. Fisk	5. J. Fisk	6. J. Fisk	7. J. Fisk	8. J. Fisk	9. J. Fisk	10. J. Fisk
1. J. Fisk	2. J. Fisk	3. J. Fisk	4. J. Fisk	5. J. Fisk	6. J. Fisk	7. J. Fisk	8. J. Fisk	9. J. Fisk	10. J. Fisk
1. J. Fisk	2. J. Fisk	3. J. Fisk	4. J. Fisk	5. J. Fisk	6. J. Fisk	7. J. Fisk	8. J. Fisk	9. J. Fisk	10. J. Fisk
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1. J. Fisk	2. J. Fisk	3. J. Fisk	4. J. Fisk	5. J. Fisk	6. J. Fisk	7. J. Fisk	8. J. Fisk	9. J. Fisk	10. J. Fisk

THE NAME GAME

White Sox Manager Tony LaRus is an educated man, right? University of South Florida, class of '69. Florida State University law school, class of '78. So why can't Tony spell? Take a look at the visiting A's starting lineup on the card above. LaRus has this odd habit of omitting the vowels from most opponents' names. S, f y c n d t h, y c n b n j r l e m m e r, t.

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Zungul in a leather vest is just as striking when trying to score against the Cosmos.



Bay, one of the chief reasons for Golden Bay's early-season success has been the play, especially the scoring, of Striker Steve Zungul, the so-called Lord of All Indoors for his exploits in the Major Indoor Soccer League, who's playing outdoor soccer for the first time in nearly five years.

With his goal in a 3-1 win over the New York Cosmos on June 11 and an as-

Now he has opened every door

At Golden Bay, high scorer Steve Zungul is Mr. Inside—and Mr. Outside

The Golden Bay Earthquakes moved a step closer to giving a natural disaster a good name when Forward Jan Goossen's goal gave them a 1-0 win over the Tampa Bay Rowdies on Saturday night at Spartan Stadium in San José. Off to the best start in their 10 years in the NASL, the Quakes approached a mid-week game against Team America with a record of 6-2, second-best behind Vancouver in the league's Western Division and fourth-best in the 12-team league.

Though he was held goalless by Tampa

sist in a 2-1 loss at Seattle on June 15, Zungul at week's end had eight goals and six assists for 22 points, good for fifth place among NASL scorers and only nine points behind the Cosmos' league-leading Giorgio Chinaglia. And he had attained this status despite having played only eight games to Chinaglia's 12.

Indeed, it was after the Quakes had beaten the Cosmos that the 36-year-old Chinaglia, for five seasons the NASL's scoring champ, all but uttered a benediction over the 28-year-old Zungul.

"There's no question in my mind he will be the next great striker in the league," said Chinaglia. "He did it in Europe, he did it in indoor soccer and now he's doing it again."

"After four years of playing only indoors, I felt I had something to prove," says Zungul. "People say, 'He's a great indoor player, but can he play outdoors?' To me that is like asking, 'Can he play real soccer?' I show them."

Yet Zungul (pronounced ZSHUN-gul) should not have felt obliged to prove anything. After starring for four-and-a-half seasons with the Yugoslav national team and for six seasons with Hajduk Split (a team for which he scored 250 goals in 350 games) in his country's first division, Zungul left Yugoslavia in 1978 to side-step a law calling for 18 months' compulsory military service. He came to New York, where Coach Don Popovic, a Yugoslav and former Hajduk Split player, recruited him for the Arrows, a team in the then-new MISL. "I would rather have played outdoors," says Zungul, "but FIFA would not let me."

FIFA, the powerful sanctioning body of world soccer, honored a request from the Yugoslavian soccer federation that FIFA enforce a rule that a Yugoslavian soccer player can't play for a team outside his country until he's 28. Zungul was

24. FIFA, in effect, barred him from playing in the FIFA-affiliated NASL. But the MISL, at the time not a FIFA member, embraced Zungul, and in his four-and-a-half seasons with the Arrows he won four MISL scoring titles, led New York to four consecutive league championships and established himself as the MISL's all-time leading scorer with 419 goals and 222 assists.

"Goals, goals. I score so many goals I lose count," says Zungul, as though goals scored indoors are, for him, some sort of

continued



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Bell System



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spurious soccer currency. "Inside is good game. Faster, with more shots, more goals. Is good game. Is O.K. But outdoors, outdoors is game I love to play."

In January of this year, Zungul, in the final year of a \$150,000-a-year contract and asking more to re-sign than the cash-strapped Arrows could afford to pay him, was traded to Golden Bay. Golden Bay is one of three soccer teams playing both indoors, in the MISL, and outdoors, in the NASL. By now 28, Zungul was free of all Yugoslavian and FIFA strictures in the U.S., and the way was clear for the Lord of All Indoors to return to the outdoor game he loves.

To make matters better, a month after Zungul was traded, Popovic got the ax in New York and was hired almost immediately by Golden Bay owner Carl Berg, who says he was eager to "get Pop and Steve back together again." Zungul concurred, telling Berg that Pop was the best coach he could get.

"In New York they [Zungul and Popovic] sometimes fought like cats and dogs, screamed at each other," says Arrows Goalkeeper Shop Messing, "but they have confidence in one another. Somehow, they need each other."

"I knew how much Steve wanted to play outdoors again," says Popovic, explaining why he took the Quakes' offer over several others from teams playing only indoor soccer. "I knew Steve would do well outdoors. What's happening is no surprise to me."

While the Quakes' indoor team failed to make the MISL playoffs—Zungul's team MVP performance of 47 goals and 35 assists in 28 games notwithstanding—Golden Bay's outdoor version appears to deserve ranking with New York, Toronto and Vancouver as a strong contender for a spot in the Oct. 1 Soccer Bowl.

"I think one of the keys for us and for Steve was our first game against the Cosmos this year," says Popovic of a 5-1 embarrassment in New York on May 25 in which Zungul was held goalless. "That game hurt Steve's pride. Look what happened afterward."

What happened was that Zungul and the Quakes went on a three-game tear, with Zungul picking up an assist in a 1-0 win over Team America and scoring consecutive hat tricks in victories over Tulsa and Montreal. In the rematch with the Cosmos, Zungul—besides scoring the first goal—set up Stan Terlecki's game-winning with a beautiful short cross from

the left side of the penalty area to unmarked teammate Leo Cuellar, who left the ball for Terlecki to bury.

"I know Steve wants to do well against the Cosmos and Giorgio," says Popovic. "Steve and Giorgio are the two greatest strikers in the league. But Giorgio, he's



Zungul advised Golden Bay to grab Pop.

accepted by everyone, and Steve still thinks he has to prove himself."

That Cosmos game provided a study in the contrasting styles of the NASL's preeminent striker and the man some think will succeed him. At one end of the field there was the stoop-shouldered and somewhat thick-waisted Chinaglia, for now the Lord of All Indoors, prowling the penalty area like a hungry lion waiting to be fed. At the other end of the field—all over the other end—was Zungul, now taking a shot from the left side, now making a pass from the right, popping up here, there and everywhere as though moving through his private maze of tunnels and trap doors.

"That's one of the differences," says Popovic. "Giorgio is a great scorer, but he will wait for your mistake and then kill you. Steve will force your mistake. With the ball on his leg he can beat anyone."

And when Zungul can't shoot he will pass, as witness those six assists, putting him in a tie for first among the Quakes, compared with one assist for Chinaglia. Zungul is also willing and able to play

a more supportive role, as he proved Saturday night against the Rowdies, dropping back into more of a midfielder's position from which he could better distribute the ball to forwards Goossens and Godfrey Ingram.

"I will play anywhere—midfield, defender, sweeper, anywhere—I love so much to play soccer," says Zungul, who claims that the only adjustment he has had to make in switching from indoors to outdoors is a matter of conditioning. "Indoors I play two minutes, then go off for a rest; outdoors I play 90 minutes and on a bigger field . . . but the touch, my feel for the ball, I have this since I am 11 years old. I never lose my touch."

At the rate Zungul is going, the next few seasons look propitious for Golden Bay. But there is another scenario being whispered about in soccer circles. With his purchase last week of Lazio, the Italian team for which he once played, Chinaglia fueled rumors that he will retire as a player at the end of this season. Discussing that possibility, Cosmos coach Julio Mazzari recently told San Jose Mercury-News sportswriter Dave Payne, "If we lose Giorgio, all we do is replace him with another five-star international. . . . That's what's needed in New York."

And, should he continue his current scoring pace and level of play, what better five-star striker can you think of off-hand than Zungul, who would have the advantage of already being well known in New York?

"No way," says Berg. "Steve's under contract here until 1987. I wouldn't sell him if they offered me Warner Communications."

But Warner—the company that owns the Cosmos—is the outfit that paid \$2.8 million for Pelt. Warner can make offers that cannot be refused.

Adding to speculation that Zungul might one day resurface in New York is his professed love for that city, especially for its East Side night life. "When I say 'I'm going home' I don't mean to San Francisco," says Zungul, who owns a condominium on the Embarcadero, about a block from San Francisco Bay. "I mean I'm flying to New York." Asked about the possibility, Zungul and Chinaglia had the same answer: "In soccer, all things are possible."

For now, what's certain is that at the rate he is going, the Lord of All Indoors may soon be Lord of All He Surveys. ■

Bench-jockeying, NBA style

by Alexander Wolff

With nine teams changing coaches, turnovers were the talk of the league

John Bach, the Golden State Warriors' new coach, won't be confused with Johann Sebastian Bach or with John Sebastian, although the NBA's annual meetings in New York last week could have been conducted to the strains of the latter's *Summer in the City* or the former's *Goldberg Variations*. Outside the Waldorf-Astoria, where the meetings were held, the temperature flirted with 95°. Inside, Michael Goldberg, executive director of the coaches' association, was wondering how he was going to keep track of his membership in the wake of the most sweeping reshuffling of coaching assignments in memory.

Along with Bach, the new jobholders are Bill Fitch (Houston), K.C. Jones (Boston), Kevin Loughery (Chicago), Mike Fratello (Atlanta), Jim Lynam (San Diego), Chuck Daly (Detroit), Stan Albeck (New Jersey) and Morris McHone (San Antonio). "We ran out of telex paper sending congratulations," says Atlanta General Manager Stan Kasten.

It's no accident that none of the nine came directly from a college job and that five (Bach, Jones, Fratello, Lynam and McHone) were assistants last season. "A former player has a difficult time jumping right into coaching," says Portland's Jack Ramsay, the dean of NBA coaches. "Same with a college coach. The rules, the schedule, the personnel are so different." And Houston General Manager Ray Patterson says, "It's a rare individual who can say, 'I'm the boss,' yet realize that it's the players' game. That's why coaches are paid a lot of money."

Three seasons ago no one was making \$200,000 for coaching in the NBA. Within the next three years, Goldberg predicts, there could be 14 coaches at that level, and at least one making considerably more than \$300,000 next year. That

would be Billy Cunningham, who led the Philadelphia 76ers to the title and announced this week that he had signed a multi-year contract to return.

In a league that's still considered to have the financial shakes, the trend toward high-priced coaches was just one topic of conversation. While fending off teen-agers bent on catching a glimpse of the Puerto Rican rock group Menudo, lobbyists in the Waldorf spoke of:

Money. Four franchises that need it have gotten more of it. No. Gerald (Jiggs) Bagley isn't Utah's new point guard. He's a well-heeled Salt Lake developer who has become an equal partner with Jazz owner Sam Battistone. In Indianapolis, local mall developers Herb and Mel St-

men have purchased the Pacers from L.A.'s Sam Nassi, who treated the team as he does his real business, which is liquidating. Two more brothers, George and Gordon Gund of Minneapolis, have relieved Ted Sapiro of his ad agency and his Cleveland Cavaliers. And a consortium of Californians, including Frank (father) and Gregg (son) Lukenbill, have rebankrolled the Kansas City Kings.

The draft. It's a terrific class, but there will be middling pickings on June 28. The reason: The Summa Cum Laude of '83—Terry Cummings, Isaiah Thomas, James Worthy, Clark Kellogg, Dominique Wilkins, et al.—are already pros. And after Virginia's Ralph Sampson, who will be taken first, by the Houston Rockets, the quality drops off precipitously. "Besides Sampson, there's not one player about whom you can predict greatness," says



The NBA's realigned nine for 1983-84: (from left) Albeck (Nets), Jones (Celtics), Fratello (Hawks), Daly (Pistons), Lynam (Clippers), Bach (Warriors), McHone (Spurs), Loughery (Bulls) and Fitch (Rockets).

Dallas Player Personnel Director Rick Sund. "Take Steve Stipanovich. He could be a Jack Sikma or a John Lambert." Stipo, a 6' 11" center out of Missouri, is the likely No. 2 pick of the Pacers, with forwards Rodney McCrory of Louisville and Antoine Carr of Wichita State also expected to go early.

The Celtics. Once the epitome of stability and sanity, they now lead the league in off-season turmoil. General Manager Red Auerbach responded to the New York Knicks' stated intention to sign his free-agent Center-Forward Kevin McHale by signing three Knick free agents—Center Marvin Webster, Forward Sly Williams and Guard Rory Sparrow—to offer sheets within 48 hours. At the end of last week, New York had matched the offer to Sparrow. "McHale's an important asset," Auerbach fumed. "There's no way we're going to let him go to the Knicks. We're not going to be intimidated." O.K. But could Webster and Williams help the Celtics? "Is vindictiveness getting in the way of logic?" one general manager asked.

But most of the Waldorf talk con-

cerned coaching. Jones, 51, is the only 1982-83 assistant with previous experience as a head man, having won a conference title with Washington in 1975. Daly, 52, who coached Cleveland for 41 games in 1981-82, will introduce the porous Pistons to the same defense he installed in Philadelphia as an assistant from 1977-78 through 1980-81 under Cunningham. Fitch, Albeck and Loughery all moved by choice. The other four are in their first pro head coaching jobs.

When Knick Coach Hubie Brown wanted to add Fratello, then an Atlanta assistant, to his staff after coming to New York last summer, the Hawks demanded a first-round draft choice as compensation, but in vain. "At the time we thought that was outrageous," one Knick official says, "but now we can understand why they wanted it."

On the first day of the Knicks' training camp last fall, Fratello called the assembled players something unprintable. They soon began calling him Tatoo, for his resemblance to Hervé Villechaze on television's *Fantasy Island*, while around the front office he became known as Dit-

to, for his similarity to Brown in coif and temperament. Fratello had been a finalist for the Chicago job last summer, but at least one Bulls official was concerned that at 5' 7", Fratello might not have the stature to deal with NBA players.

The record suggests otherwise. Fratello, 36, has already logged plenty of time in relief of his mentors, Brown and Loughery, both of whom have ejection complexes. In March of 1982, with the Hawks down by 22 against the Knicks, Loughery was bounced from a game. Fratello guided the Hawks back to win by six. The next night Loughery was banished again, with the Hawks trailing Detroit by 16. Fratello took over and Atlanta won by eight.

Bach is the only former NBA player among the neophytes. He appeared in 34 games for the Celtics in 1948-49, and his jersey is hanging in Boston Garden. Never mind that Bach, who wore No. 17, has John Havlicek to thank for that. At the age of 26 he got his first college head coaching position, at Fordham, where

he had played. He stayed 18 seasons before moving to Penn State.

Despite his 28 seasons of directing college teams, Bach, 57, says he has learned a lot in the last four years as an assistant under Al Attles. "I've served admirals in the Navy," says Bach, who served during World War II as a lieutenant junior grade. "I understand organization." When Attles tore an Achilles tendon during the 1979-80 season, Bach stepped in for 21 games. And he coached the Warriors for the final four games of this season, while Attles was scouting.

The 41-year-old Lynam's two seasons as Ramsay's assistant in Portland helped him win the Clipper position. "We were impressed by Lynam's background in math," says Arn Tellem, San Diego's assistant general counsel. "He had an amazing command of statistics." He also hopped up during an interview to demonstrate how Philadelphia's Maurice Cheeks cuts guards off defensively.

Lynam's reputation as a teacher also impressed the Clippers, who have several young players, among them Cummings and Tom Chambers. "A young team benefits most from Jim's abilities," Ramsay says. One student likely to be helped: Michael Brooks, who went to Lynam's high school, Philadelphia's West Catholic, and hasn't lived up to expectations as a pro.

As Albeck's assistant for four seasons in Cleveland and San Antonio, McHone delivered part of each practice and half-time spiel. "Stan is one of the reasons assistants are getting chances now," says McHone, 40. "He was an assistant [for L.A. and three ABA teams] who moved up and did a remarkable job in four years." After Albeck left, Spurs stars George Gervin and Artis Gilmore appealed to management to appoint McHone, who at \$95,000 will most likely be the lowest-paid coach in the league.

McHone, who spent nine years under Hugh Durham at Florida State and Georgia, is from western North Carolina, married his hometown sweetheart and likes country music. "Mo's low key and low profile," says Albeck. "Maybe that raises doubts about discipline. But discipline comes with authority."

Without titular authority, though, comes obscurity. During a recent playoff game Referee Jack Madden whistled a technical. "T on you," Madden sputtered. "The assistant. Mashone."


He'll learn.



Here's Carling, Her



Daddy's Darling



Soccer star John Brunzell (left) joins the USFL's Tampa Bay Bandits, but he finds the success of his 11-year-old daughter, a rising star on the pro tennis circuit, even more rewarding

by Emily McClanahan

The Bassetts

continued

REPORTER: Could your life be more perfect?

CARLING BASSETT: No way! How could it be?

It's as though she made a wish on a star and the wish came true. Make that several wishes. Carling Bassett is cute, her father is a millionaire, she has been in a movie and at 15 she's a sensational tennis player, certain, some people say, to become No. 1 in the world. Her native Canada considers her a national treasure. Her friends cherish her insouciance, her brashness, her sassy personality.

Her father, John Bassett, a force in the development of World Team Tennis, the World Hockey Association, the World Football League and now the U.S. Football League—he's the principal owner of the Tampa Bay Bandits—recently asked Carling what she would do if she could no longer play tennis.

"Make movies."

"What if you couldn't make movies?"

"I'd go skating," she said blithely.

Carling burst upon the tennis world this past April when she went to the finals of the \$250,000 WTA Championships at Amelia Island, Fla. With her father and mother sitting at courtside and a national television audience looking on in disbelief, she had Chris Evert Lloyd, her opponent, dead in her sights before tripping up on her own inexperience. Despite having led 4-2 in the third set, she lost 3-6, 6-2, 7-5—but won an enormous amount of respect.

"I didn't know you were that good," TV announcer Bud Collins said to her afterward.

"Neither did I," said Carling.

Ted Tinling, the ubiquitous tennis-clothes designer and information booth

for the women's tour, says, "Carling is the hope of the future." Her agent, Ray Benton, says, "Carling will transcend women's tennis. She'll be a star in the complete sense of the word." Don Fontana, a former Canadian Davis Cup player who has watched Carling grow up, says, "The difference between her and the others is that when a set is five-all and tight as hell, she loves it." Greg Breunich, one of her platoon of coaches at the Bradenton, Fla. tennis Gulag known as Nick Bollettieri's Tennis Academy—which has been Carling's home nine months a year for the past four years—says, "Within two years Carling will be the best in the world."

It took her only four months from the time she turned professional in January to rise from the 100s in the world standings to No. 22. Over that span Carling, whose strengths are her footwork and a powerful forehand, defeated a gallery of the best women players in the world, among them Hana Mandlikova, Betina Bunge and Virginia Ruzici. "She keeps surprising us," says Bollettieri. "Her performance at Amelia Island was six to 12 months ahead of schedule. Carling may have a few setbacks, which would be natural, but she's going to get there."

Getting there is what Carling wants, and in some ways it would seem unfair for her to have her wish, because she has had the best that money can buy in terms of coaching, travel and experience. She's also a member of an unusual family, a group of overachievers who groove on competition and live for each other. If love conquers all, Carling is a cinch. Her older sister, Vickie, says, "The love in this family is incredible. No matter where you are, you always know that if you're in trouble, the family will be there



And not just be there, but be there."

In Toronto, the Bassetts' hometown, they are sometimes referred to as Canada's Rockefellers, although at a glance they seem more like the Kennedys—not as much money as the Rockefellers but more obvious get up and go. The Bassetts love conflict, scuffles, struggles, anything with a beginning and an end, anything with a winner and a loser. "I always have to compete with somebody of something," says Carling. "That's the best part of life—competing and winning. Of course, the worst thing is competing and losing."

To understand Carling you have to know her 44-year-old father, the third in a line of forceful John Bassetts. His grandfather was the publisher of the Montreal Gazette; he used to hold his grandson on his lap and tell him stories



On the court Dad was a Davis Cupper; off he clings to tennis by supporting the career of Carling, now ranked among the top 30 in the world

about competition in the newspaper business. His father, now 67 and a forceful, crusty businessman who is sometimes, but never to his face, called Big Dome by his associates, moved the family base to Toronto, became publisher and then owner of *The Toronto Telegram*, went into radio and television, had a piece of Toronto's famed Maple Leaf Gardens and the NHL Maple Leafs and from 1971 to '74 owned the Toronto Argonauts of the Canadian Football League.

The third John Bassett isn't Jr. or the Third; all three have different middle names. "I know a lot of Juniors who don't do anything on their own," he says. "I don't like to be lumped with them." He grew up imbued with the family's drive, and he has the things associated with North American aristocracy: good

looks, boundless confidence, wealth, power. His love affair with sports began when he was a schoolboy hockey player. He was a goalkeeper and a good one: The Maple Leafs, in which the family did not then have a financial interest, wanted to sign him to a contract at 15, but Bassett's father squelched the deal. John played Canadian-style football in prep school and for one year in college, at the University of Western Ontario, before injuries obliged him to quit. At the same time he developed into a world-class tennis player; at 20 he was a member of Canada's Davis Cup team. A decade later, playing squash, he went to the semifinals of the 1969 Canadian Open.

During his early and mid-20s, he was a reporter for the family paper in Toronto and evinced an old-fashioned nose for the sordid and sensational; he still talks of

having covered Canada's last double execution by hanging. He soon moved into the management end of the family communications conglomerate and while still in his 20s produced and starred in a teenage show similar to Dick Clark's *American Bandstand*. He brought the hit musical *Hair* to Toronto. He's blessed, or afflicted, with huge amounts of nervous energy and an insatiable need to be or to build the best—or at least to try. "The hardest thing in the world for John to do would be to wait for a bus," says Peter Eby, his friend for 35 years. "He'd hop on one going the opposite way, just to get moving."

In the 1970s the restless Bassett was on the front edge of the expansion that radically changed the face of professional sports in North America. His leagues eventually folded or were absorbed, but

continued



The Bassetts

continued

their impact remains. Bassett is particularly remembered for the landmark deal he made in 1974 when he paid \$3 million to persuade Miami Super Bowl stars Larry Csonka, Jim Kiick and Paul Warfield to jump to the WFL. Insiders also recall that after the financially bleeding WFL lay down and died, Bassett, despite the near bankruptcy of his franchise, paid off all the debts he had incurred.

Bassett is once more on the bus, headed to who knows where, with the USFL. For such consumed people there are always projects: a new league, producing a movie, developing a condo, making your daughter a world champion.

Although Bassett denies it, there's little doubt that Carling is his favorite project. Perhaps he remembers his own frustration at 15, when his promising hockey career was arbitrarily terminated by his father. He muses about ways to motivate her, and he can recite from memory her tournament results of the past five years. Even though his legs ache from damage done by a lifetime in athletics—he has had four knee operations—his great joy is rallying with her on a tennis court. Father and daughter are a link to the past, a bridge to the future.

Carling has been rising through the tennis ranks while making do on a \$10-a-week allowance granted by her father, and throughout her whirlwind journey, replete with national television interviews and an almost daily measure of excitement, she has remained unspoiled and unfazed by the commotion, as though she had expected it all along. Half of the time she walks around like a spaced-out Valley Girl, showing up for the German Open in May, for example, with everything but

her rackets. About once a week an instructor at Bolletieri's will yank her off the court because her bubble gum has burst all over her face. Her cluttered room at the tennis academy dormitory has 15-year-old girl written all over it. She's glib with interviewers, a bit of a smart aleck who thinks she has all the answers—and can't wait for the questions. "Carling's a sophisticated kid," says Ricky Brown, her favorite guy at the moment, who's all of 16.

Somehow she balances it out—budding superstar, world traveler and plain everyday teen-ager. On the court she's a workaholic, though she tries to give the impression that she's just singing in the rain. "When I was a kid," she says, "I turned myself to the ground every day." That's supposed to mean that she doesn't work as hard now, but, if anything, she's working harder than ever. And yet she isn't a tennis machine, oblivious to the outside world. For one thing, she's at that stage where she's absolutely fascinated by boys. And at the tennis academy she's mischievous, a minor miscreant. Recently Carling bought a Siberian Husky surreptitiously. Nobody knew she was keeping it in her room until the dog began howling one night. That woke the entire camp, but Carling slept on blissfully. Every so often, smoke will pour from her dorm window. "Carling's cooking popcorn again," someone will say. Chap Brooks, a camp instructor, says, "Carling's still a kid. That's a quality I hope she'll never lose."

Carling hopes so, too. "I don't want to grow up too fast," she says. "That's the difference between me and some of the other young pros. They've grown up really quickly. I like to be treated as a kid."

Her favorite pastime at the moment is talking to boys. Her second favorite thing is talking about them. Academy employees joke about her "boyfriend of the hour." Brown, top-ranked in the 16s, was at the head of her list for a time. Then it was Aaron Krickstein, best in the 18s. Now Brown is No. 1 again.

Carling says she likes her men "young." She says, "They look fresher." She prefers the cool, detached sort of 16-year-old, preferably one without braces. "I always have to like tennis players," she says. "Is that weird or what?" She steals a glance at the court where Ricky is hitting with Brian Flowers of New Jersey. Ricky is wearing an imitation Rolex watch that

continued



The routine at Bolletieri's keeps Carling on her toes, but it still leaves her enough time to rest her bubbly personality on boys.



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The Bassetts

continued

he bought for \$35. Neither player has on a shirt, Carling sighs.

Suddenly she spots a girl at a nearby pay telephone, her hand covertly shielding the mouthpiece. "Are you talking to that jerk again?" yells Carling, causing the girl to squirm, blush and mouth silently, "Shhhhhh." Carling keeps yelling.



Rucked by Burt and pat, Bassett aims to play the Bandits.

The girl puts her hand over the phone and whispers, "It's my father." But Carling knows better: "It's that guy. She just tells people it's her father so she can take the call."

Carling is a little mournful at the moment. A big date for the academy kids is when everybody piles into the camp van and heads to a nearby mall for some handholding at the movies. Now Brown has asked her to the prom at the local high school. It's a dream come true, but—gross!—she has to turn him down. There's a tennis exhibition in Japan. "I have to go to Japan," she says, making Japan sound like an inedible vegetable. "You don't know how mad I am. I never

went to a prom. I looked forward so to getting a dress and getting all fixed up and having the boy take me to dinner and all that stuff, and now I can't go."

The mournful mood passes. Carling expounds on a theory about men. "I read that they reach sexual maturity at 18," she says. "Hey, Brian," she calls out to Flowers, who's 16, "when does a guy reach his sexual maturity?" A middle-aged mother walking nearby does a double take and then lets out a muffled laugh.

"I don't know," says Brian, wrinkling his forehead. "Maybe 17?"

"Make that 17!" says Carling, returning to her courtyard conversation. Then she confides, "The boys are starting younger now, you know, fooling around. So are the girls. Of course, I don't have any firsthand knowledge." She waves a hand airily, a movie star playing a ripe scene. On the hand, a ring flashes. She bought it in Hong Kong, after long and spirited haggling, for \$14.

Normally John Bassett dresses casually—sport shirts, slacks, loafers, that sort of thing. "I only wear a suit when I go to the bank," he says. "My hair is short when I'm raising money and long when I'm spending it." He had gone into the WFL, the WHA and WTT in partnership with members of his family, primarily his father, and the Eaton family, another prominent Toronto clan, but the mounting bills scared the others off. Bassett decided to make a stand on his own; he bade farewell to the others, cashed in his stock in the family enterprises and headed south. He has been largely based in the U.S. ever since. Much of his working time now is spent in Tampa with the Bandits or racing around the country on USFL business, but he also has an office in Toronto. When he's not looking after his sports enterprises or monitoring Carling's tennis progress, he keeps track of the four movies he has produced, none a rousing success, though Carling's performance in one of them, *Spring Fever* (its original title was *Sneakers*), which

starred Susan Anton, moved *The Hollywood Reporter* to say, "Its main asset . . . is a winsome young actress named Carling Bassett who captivates us without halfway trying."

He has a real estate development in Panama City, Fla., owns a ritzy complex of condominiums called The Players Club on Longboat Key outside Sarasota and is investigating further deals with Stephen Arky, a partner in the Bandits. "It's a movie," Bassett says of his fast-forward life, "but nobody would believe it."

Bassett is a maverick. Often after a long day with the Bandits, he sleeps in the Hideout, the coaches' modest offices, where a founding German shepherd mix named Bandit keeps him company. When he was in prep school he spent most weekends "gated"—marching punishment tours around the school grounds. When he wrote a newspaper column in Toronto he used The Rebel as his pen name. When he was with the WHA he was suspended for six months for riding amateur teams for players, and already USFL Commissioner Chet Simmons has fined him \$10,000 for criticizing league officiating. In Tampa there's a rivalry growing between Bassett's Bandits and the NFL Buccaneers, owned by Hugh Culverhouse. The Tampa press has taken to the newcomer, putting down Culverhouse as "Mr. C." while Bassett comes off as the guy in the white hat.

Bassett breezed into Tampa—with Burt Reynolds, another Bandit investor (5%), out in front generating publicity—and took the town by storm. Wide Receiver Danny Buggs terms fan support "an epidemic." Twenty-two thousand season tickets were purchased, a Bandit poster featuring Loni Anderson, Burt's girl, hangs all over town, and Bandit souvenirs are outselling those of the out-of-season Bucs.

Tampa is a pro wrestling center, and Bassett's free-spirited operation fits in just fine. Bandit business manager Ralph Campbell sports an outrageous rattle-snake hat. It has a snakeskin brim and, on the front, a large rattler baring its fangs. The franchise's minority owners, most of them locals, wear satin Bandits jackets to games and smoke thin cigars. When the Bandits played in Washington and some unruly fans pounded on the wall of the visiting owners' box, one of the Bandit stockholders knocked down the wall. "Thar," he said to the astonished group

Stolichnaya

The Vodka

on the other side. "Now you won't have to pound no more."

"The NFL has a great big gray-flannel executive IBM image," says Bassett. "Our image is dirt kicking, down home. We're having a ball." Dirt kicking? Down home? For a millionaire? The clothes may not match, but they fit. Bassett is consistent in his lack of pretension. He shovels snow in Canada, drives a '77 Ford station wagon in Florida and loves spareribs, an egalitarian food if ever there was one. Naturally, strangers suspect he's a rich phony, but you keep buying his quarters and find they don't bend. He's so approachable that when he was a patient at a Toronto hospital about to undergo a skin cancer operation, the attendants wheeling his gurney, aware he was a member of the hospital's board, began telling him their union problems.

Bassett and his wife, Susan, have four children. Johnny is 22 and works at CFTO, the family's Toronto television station. Vickie, 20, a down-to-earth student at her father's alma mater who is still comfortable with a knapsack, is an intern this summer as a reporter for *The Toronto Sun*. Then came Carling, and Heidi, who's 13 and worried. She's an accomplished figure skater, but bored with it. One night at dinner her discontentment became obvious, and her father tried to soothe the child he calls Heids. In a soft, solicitous voice Bassett said, "You don't have to keep skating. If you're tired of it, Heids, give it up." This might seem a normal, comforting statement for a father to make. But for Heidi it was like the Pope telling a priest he could throw away his clerical collar. "But I rode horses and I gave that up," she waited. "I played tennis and I gave that up. If I give up skating, what will I do?"

"You don't have to do anything," said her father.

Johnny piped up, "Remember that, Heidi, when you do give it up and he starts to yell."

"I just want each of them to have something they're good at," the father explains.

The Bassett kids, especially Johnny and Vickie, help keep their father in line, shooting his balloon full of holes whenever it begins to swell. He's a particularly easy target when he starts stewing over the inconsequential. One day at the Toronto airport, fully 45 minutes before departure, he and Vickie were waiting in

continued



The Bassetts

continued

line for tickets when he noticed a cluster of idle airline clerks at another counter. He raced over but was told that that counter was for passengers already ticketed, information which prompted arm waving and muttering about inefficiency and ineffectiveness and injustice and...

"Dad," interrupted Vickie dryly, "go buy an airport."

The prime responsibility for managing the emotional maelstrom that is John Bassett belongs to Susan, who is what he is not: well organized and socially graceful. But beneath the amiability is a strong will. During a tumultuous period in their marriage, when teams and leagues were folding and a red sea was flowing from the bank books, Bassett grew furious one morning when a hard-boiled egg she cooked for him turned out to be soft.

"You can't even cook an egg," he yelled, throwing it at her. She dodged; the egg splattered on the refrigerator.

"And clean that up," he added, marching out in triumph.

For days the congealed egg remained on the refrigerator door. Susan invited friends into the kitchen for lunch, for tea, or just to chat. Everyone looked at the egg on the refrigerator. It became the talk of Toronto. Finally Bassett gave in. He got a scraper and peeled off the mess.

Bassett's impatience was responsible for Carling's name. He and Susan, who is related to the Carlings, the Canadian brewing family, had no female names ready when the baby arrived. Bassett shrugged his shoulders. "Name her Carling," he blurted.

On Hilton Head Island, S.C., Bassett is in the first stages of high anxiety an hour before a limousine is to arrive to take him to the airport. He has just spent three



This spring, while John was in Toronto with (from left) Heidi, Dannie, Vickie and Johnny.

days at Hilton Head with Susan and Carling. Now Bassett is worried that the limo won't show. No reason. Just worried. Twenty minutes before the hour is up he is outside, walking back and forth.

This was to have been an idyllic vacation with Susan and Carling. He hadn't even brought along the briefcase that serves as his mobile office and as a compendium of his life, crammed as it is with everything from his passport and birth certificate to bankbooks and legal pads tattooed with arcane numbers relating to various projects. The briefcase is being airlifted to meet him at his next destination, and for the last two days Bassett has been furiously scribbling notes on scratch paper. Idyllic is not his style.

In some circles Bassett is regarded as only a fair businessman. Too many peaks and valleys. More than once the Bassetts' outwardly privileged existence has been

precariously mortgaged. Once a boyfriend's father sat Vickie down and lectured her about megabuck economics and where her father went wrong. "He always puts up his own money," the man said, adding that the first rule is to use someone else's dough for the risky part. "He thought he was doing me a favor," Vickie recalls. "All I could think was, 'I'm glad we're the way we are, instead of like you.'" Says Eby, "John's a shooter. He goes for it."

Waiting for the limo at Hilton Head, with Carling sitting nearby listening to her tape player, Bassett is talking about family, money and the entrepreneurial spirit.

"I don't know what my family thinks of me," he says. "Maybe that I'm bright. Probably that I'm rash and fairly irresponsible because I take big gambles. I'm different." Bassett has two brothers. Doug, 43, wears a suit and tie every day and runs the family enterprises in Canada. David, 41, a free wheeler, lives in Nassau and devotes himself to tennis, swimming and slow breathing after being hospitalized years ago because, by all accounts, the pressure of being a Bassett overwhelmed him. The condition was rectified by medication, rest and a life of complete leisure. David is remembered fondly around Toronto. Once at a stockholders' meeting, someone asked him what his role was with the family corporation. David said cheerfully, "They pay me well never to darken their doorstep."

continued

Susan traveled to, among other places, Eastbourne, England to watch Carling's career bloom.



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The Bassetts

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At a break in her father's conversation, Carling says plaintively, "Dad, do you have to go?"

"Yeah, Car-Car, I have to," answers Bassett.

It's obvious that there is deep affection between Bassett and each of his children; family friends agree that Carling devoted herself to tennis in part to please her father. Carling never leaves a room without first giving him a peck on the cheek. He in turn has been known to rise at 5 a.m. and drive the 100 miles round trip from Tampa to Bradenton just to say goodby to her before leaving on a business trip.

"The good thing about being an entrepreneur is you have your independence," he says, "but it's tough on the family. I'm sure Susan would rather I had a regular job. I don't know what I'll be doing six months from now, much less two years from now." Carling is listening attentively. "Hopefully," says her father with a chuckle, "we won't be broke."

This distressed Carling. Her father tends to exaggerate—last Christmas, for example, he announced the family could lose their Toronto home if the football team, a movie and a condominium project did not work out. The other Bassett kids are pretty blasé about such

remarks—Dad always seems to come through in the end—but Carling, who is just discovering money, takes such things seriously. Hearing her father talk about going broke, she says seriously, "Don't worry, Dad, you can have all my money."

"No," he says solemnly. "That goes to your account. You've got the best deal in the world. I do all the paying, and you do all the collecting."

Carling laughs, but she's taken with her own suggestion. Only half kidding, she says, "It'll be great. You can come and live in my house when you get old and wrinkled and can't walk down the steps. It'll be like South Fork in Dallas."

"North Fork" for the Bassetts is in a suburb of Toronto. There are so many athletic trophies around that you might be in a Hall of Fame. The pictures on the walls don't suggest the intensity of the family's affection. They're full of lone men, lone women. A girl sits scrunched up, hugging herself. A hockey player, face unseen, laces up skates. A boy looks through a window. Only in the kitchen are there snapshots of family groups, usually mugging: Susan hugging Carling while Carling sticks out her tongue at the camera. On the refrigerator are decals: SUPERMAN, HAWAII, MONTE CARLO, USFL.

And, hardly noticeable, a tiny heart the size of a fingernail. Some nights Bassett goes to sleep while downstairs Vickie plays the piano and Carling picks on a guitar.

But while Bassett is proud of all his kids, the older two in a sense have not reflected their father's restless urge to do, to accomplish. At the start, they were Bassetts through and through, competitive whirlwinds who even had boxing matches with each other. Bassett built a hockey rink for Johnny in the backyard and stayed up nights icing it over. Later he arranged for Johnny to play in a couple of exhibition games with the Birmingham Bulls, Bassett's team in the WHA. And Vickie could do everything well: hockey, softball, cross-country. Her father still thinks Vicks, as he calls her, could be better at tennis than Carling. But the older kids declared their independence. Maybe it was the difference in generations, but they got tired of being pushed and sat down in the middle of the road.

Now, on those infrequent occasions when Johnny and Vickie go down to the family tennis court behind the Toronto house, they realize that back up the hill he's itchily watching them. Soon the door will open, and out he'll come, a silly look on his face. He'll walk down the pathway, feigning lack of interest, like a cagey dog about to do something he shouldn't. He'll stop to examine some bushes, poking around with concern, and then linger at the swimming pool, peering thoughtfully. Finally he'll arrive at the court and stand there silently. A few minutes later, he'll be behind his kids, telling them earnestly, "Hit up on the ball.... Get your racket back.... Step into it...."

"Dad," one of them will yell, "will you shut up?"

He can't help himself. Faced with unused potential, he's like a bird dog around feathers, but when he starts in with his spiel about how practice makes perfect, Vickie or Johnny will mock him.

"You guys have no concept of reality," Bassett will tell them irritably.

"Yeah," Vickie will say. "But who needs it?"

Yet she admits she has lain awake nights thinking about things she ought to do with her life. And Johnny talks with pride of the 87-hour work week he put in preparing a rock concert for CFTO. Nei-

continued



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The Bassetts

continued

ther has really gotten away from father.

Over Bassett's desk in "North Fork" there's a large painting of a goaltender, the last line of defense, the masked man cuffed upon when all else fails. It was his position as a kid, and the painting represents the career his father squelched. It also represents one of the last times the old man was able to make a decision for his headstrong son. Since then Bassett has spent a large portion of his life getting out from under the considerable shadow of his father, who is still likely to telephone CFTO late at night with a caustic complaint if a technician has slipped up for a moment. About 25 years ago father and son were a doubles team in some inconsequential tennis tournament. The father was keyed up, thinking he and his world-class son had a lock on winning. But young John was then

at the top of his game and hardly interested in country club doubles. He played indifferently, and they lost. His chagrined father sulked and complained. Fed up with the old man's carping, the son hauled off and socked him in the eye. Big Dome was flabbergasted. "He went out and got drunk for three days," the son recalls.

Nowadays when The Rebel plays, he plays to win. When he and Eby pair up to play high-stakes golf, they often don't bother to collect, even if they win. For Bassett, the winning is the important thing. Last April, when Carling lost to Evert Lloyd, a female friend made the mistake of turning to Bassett and saying, "Maybe it's the best thing." To Bassett that was loser's talk and an insult. "That's the dumbest thing I ever heard," he snapped. "If you were a man, I'd belt you."

Lone men, lone women. Stand up for what you believe in. That sort of determination caused a lot of misery—but



As a reporter for *The Toronto Telegram*, Bassett had an eye for hot stories.

helped set the stage for Carling—a decade ago. Two years after the WHA was launched in 1971, Bassett persuaded his father, his brothers and the Eatons to invest and a year later got them into the fledgling WFL. Things went bad from the start. Bassett's WFL Toronto Northmen never got off the ground, and his WHA Toronto Toros blew \$4 million in three seasons. Newspapers had made the Bassetts powerful. Television had made them rich. Now it looked as though sports would do the unthinkable: cut them down to the size of ordinary people.

The others wanted to cut their losses and get out. Bassett said he'd go it alone. He moved the Toros to Birmingham and renamed them the Bulls, shifted the Northmen to Memphis and renamed them the Southmen; he sold off shares in both teams to local investors.

The Bulls took hold, and by the time the NHL absorbed the WHA in 1979, Birmingham was a solid franchise. Bassett received a nice settlement in the

merger. That plus returns from real estate and other investments kept him afloat and helped pay off nearly half a million dollars in WFL debts.

A byproduct of the arduous episode was that Bassett was now operating south of the border. He reveled in the looser social structure of the U.S. and, for a free-wheeling businessman, it was the major leagues. He was on his own now, adrift from the family and the patrician set back in Toronto.

At about this time Bassett learned he had skin cancer. He dismisses the whole thing now as inconsequential, but back then he was frightened, and the scar that covers a quarter of his back indicates his condition was serious. He needed a second operation, a bad sign, and came home a different man. Says a friend, "He realized his only roots were his family."

Bassett grew a beard, forgot about business for a while and turned to sailing. Most of his time was spent at his home in Sarasota, where he could look out his back window at palm trees, a snow white beach and the Gulf of Mexico. If you ask him what else he did while he was recuperating he says, "Nothing." But his real project was Carling.

She had taken up tennis at the age of nine, when her grandmother gave her a \$5 racket purchased in a drugstore. She had short hair, big teeth and bit her lower lip when she swung. Tommy Terrific she was called, because she was a tomboy and because she had guts. Bassett admits, "Carling had an almost psychotic fear of failure."

Like in 1979 Carling lost in the first round of the main draw of a 12-and-under tournament and then blew her first match in the consolation flight. She came home with a rueful look on her face. "I want to be a real tennis player," she told her father. Years before someone had

continued

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The Bassetts

continued

asked Rod Laver what advice he could give a Canadian who wanted to learn tennis. Laver answered, "Get out of Canada!" Bassett deposited Carling on Bolletieri's doorstep. In fact, she moved into his house. In the beginning, the feeling around the tennis academy was that Carling was good but would fade. She was cute and wealthy. Life was too easy. Tennis would be too hard.

"That's where people were wrong," says Bolletieri. Bassett had given Bolletieri a mandate. "Make her groundstrokes perfect," he told him. He also donated a bus so the academy would have tournament transportation, helped out with scholarship money and even put in a tennis court at Bolletieri's home. Bolletieri in turn gave Carling a four-page, single-spaced letter, a manifesto for the road to Wimbledon. It spoke of love, dedication, sacrifice, and "destroying your best friend on the court."

Carling went through tennis shoes as though the soles were butter. She worked hard and didn't give up. Kathy Ronalds, six months older, won 12 straight games from her. "But," her father remembers, "Carling came home and said, 'A lot of the games went to deuce.'" She worked harder. Her schedule from 1979 to '82:

up at 6:30 a.m.; breakfast at 7; school at 8:30; on the bus back to the academy at 12:30 p.m.; lunch on the way; practice from 1:30 to 5; jog three to five miles; do sprints; perform agility drills, do 100 push-ups and 100 sit-ups; take a shower; eat dinner at 6:15; hit the books. No TV. No radio. No phone calls. Lights out at 10 p.m. after an hour's break for snacks and gossip. She told a reporter, "I know other kids have more fun, but I want to be somebody when I'm older."

People like Wayne Gretzky, one of her heroes, sent her telegrams of encouragement. Her mother told her that when she made Wimbledon, she could have her ears pierced. And one day she beat her father for the first time. It was about then that John stopped combing his hair forward to cover a receding hairline. It was as if he was saying, "I'm older now. Why fight the inevitable?"

Carling developed an all-court game. From her hyper father she gained a love for the quick ending, for knocking off a winner at the net. Bolletieri, in effect, was her second father, and completely different. He is dogged and resolute, with weary eyes scored by veins, and his voice rasps and croaks. He sleeps only a few hours a night and never seems to wear out. He's a baseliner, and now Carling can play that game, too.

In 1981, at 13, she had cracked the world Top 10 in the junior rankings, a tribute to her financial resources as much as to her forehand, because she could afford to travel to the tournaments. In 1982, at 14, she won the JAL Cup, a major juniors event in Japan, a sign of things to come.

She also made her movie debut, to the delight of *The Hollywood Reporter* and folks back in Canada, who began comparing her with another Canadian, Mary Pickford, who became America's sweetheart more than 60 years ago. Her near upset of Evert Lloyd was front-page news in Canada. She got fan mail addressed to "Carling Bassett, Tennis

Player, Toronto," which helped reaffirm her sense of nationality.

Last Christmas, Carling, now 15 and one of the best junior girl players in the world, won the Orange Bowl 18s and turned professional. It was a tough call for her father, letting go of his daughter, but he remembered when he was 15, itching to play hockey. Don't think he didn't worry about Carling turning pro. He had tried to give her the best of everything, and now she was going out to earn a paycheck and punch an athletic time clock, to be a kid in an adult game. There would be people asking her opinion on El Salvador simply because she could rip a winner crosscourt.

One day, driving down the road with Carling beside him, Bassett was musing about such potential difficulties when they passed some public tennis courts. Carling stared at them and said thoughtfully, "You know, I love tennis so much I just like to look at tennis courts." Bassett knew then that everything would be all right.

Actually, better than that. Many of his friends are going bald, too, and Bassett walks with a limp from his knee operations, but he has Carling to play his games for him, to take care of the winning and losing. Competing, that's his concept of reality. Sometimes he'll be at home in Canada, and the phone will ring from thousands of miles away.

"Hi, Car-Car," Bassett will say, loud enough for visitors to hear. "That's great. You're going to the mall with Ricky? To a movie? Say, you know who likes you, who thinks you're great? Lee Majors... He's a little old for you? Really? You know, he's the same age as Dad. Oh? I look younger? Thanks, Car..."

Whenever Bassett and his daughter are together—two kids who will never grow up—the talk inevitably turns to the same subject. Bassett tells Carling his dream: to take six months off and traipse around the world watching her play tennis. The prospect always leaves Carling bubbly. "Would you really do that?" she says. "Would you?"

"I'm going to do it," her father answers.

Then there will be a pause. You can almost see Carling thinking. I'll get so good that he'll have to do it. One more wish—this time upon a twinkling father rather than a star—and then she really will have it all.



A 1954 formal portrait of three generations of John Bassett.

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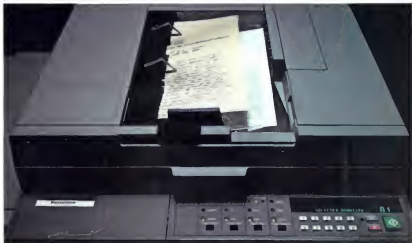
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PERSPECTIVE

by LISA TWYMAN

TV'S FAST-PACED COVERAGE MAY HAVE INVALIDATED JOAN BENOIT'S RECORD

When Joan Benoit ran the Boston Marathon in a world best of 2:22:42 in April, a lanky man, wearing No. 14, ran conspicuously near her for most of the race. An observer might have missed the tiny microphone clipped to his singlet and the transmitter in his hand. But these were what New Zealand Olympic marathoner Kevin Ryan, sort of a high-tech Homer, used to chronicle Benoit's odyssey for a Boston television station. His coverage, however, has now resulted in a controversy that may render Benoit's mark invalid as an American record.

"Ryan made the offer [to cover the leading woman in the race], and we took him up on it," says Sean Hopkins, executive producer of the marathon telecasts for WBZ-TV. "Before Ryan came along we weren't aware that there was a world-class runner willing and able to do it."

The idea of employing a runner as a reporter has been used in the past as a way to research track stories for print. In 1980 Kenny Moore ran with Ellison Goodall at Boston for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, and Frank Shorter did the same with Grete Waitz in the '82 New York City Marathon for *The Runner*. Olympic-caliber athletes like Moore, Shorter and Ryan are vital to the success of such reportage. Take the case of Billy Threadgold, who wore a Day-Glo vest to alert CBS cameramen to the lead woman during last August's 7.1-mile Falmouth Road Race. As it turned out, Threadgold, whose marathon PR is 2:28, was left in Benoit's dust after three miles. Ryan, however, kept up with her at Boston, and thus TV successfully got on the runner-reporter bandwagon for the first time.

Hopkins hired Ryan to stock by which-ever woman was leading and then start giving his commentary on the first 20 miles at Heartbreak Hill, while running beside her. Benoit started at such a fast pace that Ryan chose to run with fellow New Zealander Allison Roe, expecting Benoit to slow. "By 3½ miles I knew Allison would have to make up ground," he says. "She didn't, and Joanne was gone." Ryan left Roe, caught up with Benoit at 6.2 miles and stayed with her to the end of the race, delivering two segments of

commentary—one at Heartbreak and the other at the finish.

That wasn't the end of the story. Because Ryan ran most of the marathon next to or slightly ahead of Benoit, he has been accused of pacing her to her record, which, according to a strict interpretation of The Athletics Congress (TAC) rules, could make Benoit's time invalid for American record consideration.

"This whole thing is so outrageous," says Bob Sevens, Benoit's coach. "TAC sanctioned the race. It allowed the TV cameras. It allowed Kevin Ryan. I can't believe how such a great performance has become clouded."

"I didn't pace her," says Ryan. "I was only doing my job. At 10k I heard her ask for a split so I told her, and at 15 miles she said her feet were sore, and that's about it. I wasn't urging or controlling the pace. She controlled her own pace."



The problem isn't so much that Ryan ran with Benoit, but the way he chose to run with her—ahead or at her side instead of behind her. That brought up the question of pacing. TAC considers pacing to be a form of illegal aid or assistance from an athlete who has no intention of competing in the race. The potential benefit of pacing is that an athlete can simply lock into the tempo set by the pacer and be relieved of the mental tension of han-

dling strategy. In road racing the problem of pacing is generally confined to women runners competing in mixed races because world-class male runners are faster than world-class females. When two women or two men run side-by-side to help each other toward a record, it's "pacing" by definition but is more likely to be accepted as competition. But if a mixed pair is running together, suspicions are aroused.

At issue: How do officials distinguish between a man who happens to be on the same pace as a woman and a man who sets the pace for a woman? "It's difficult to monitor," says Nina Kuscsik, chairman of Women's Long Distance Running, a road-racing arm of TAC. But even if it weren't, Kuscsik believes records set in mixed and women's races should be listed separately. "Separate records give us some basis of comparison," she says. "Joan didn't break the record [only] because Ryan was pacing her; she would have broken it anyway. But she did have an advantage."

In track and field women's marks are recognized as records only in women's races, not in mixed ones. But because so many major road races are mixed, women would be unfairly penalized if the same rule applied to road racing.

Even segregated races haven't prevented pacing. What about rabbits on the track who blaze milers through the early laps and then drop out, or coaches who call splits from the sideline? Even in men's road races, who's to say that the pacer car doesn't help the lead man? And finally, does it matter? "Well, a rule is on the books," says Bob Hersh, TAC records chairman. "We should look at its intent and enforce it, strike it or amend it."

"Personally, I would prefer that Joan's mark stand, but she was paced," says Jennifer Young, an executive of the National Running Data Center, official keeper of records for TAC. "Kevin Ryan can run at least 10 minutes faster than he did. Technically speaking, his presence gave Joan an advantage the other women competitors didn't have. NRDC wants to keep the marks from mixed races equivalent in value to women's race marks. That's why we're trying to clarify this women's pacing thing."

The controversy should be resolved in December at a meeting of the TAC Records Committee. "This is a question that has never come up before," says Hersh. "We expect a lively discussion." **END**

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THE SIXERS

Sir:

Bruce Newman deserves a special accolade for his remarks about Julius Erving, whose actions after the Philadelphia 76ers won the NBA title showed why he has always been a true champion (*Thou Shalt Refuse*, *Said Moses*, June 13). Even upon ending six years of tremendous frustration, Erving remained poised and dignified, a gracious winner. Congratulations, Doc, and thank you. You really never owed us anything; indeed, we are indebted to you for all you have done for the NBA, for Philadelphia and for the nation.

JOHN P. LYNKEY
Philadelphia

Sir:

In light of the 76ers' sweep of the Los Angeles Lakers in the NBA finals, I nominate Moses Malone and Julius Erving for co-Sportsmen of the Year. Malone proved that it is possible for an NBA player to give 100% every night and truly earned his \$2 million salary through hard work. And Erving finally won an NBA championship after leading the Sixers to the best record over the previous six seasons, including three trips to the finals. For years the Doctor has excited basketball fans with his electrifying play. He has won with class and dignity, and he has lost with class and dignity. Because of their selfishness, their athletic ability, their competitiveness and their sportsmanship, Malone and Erving both deserve your award.

ADAM RADER
Scarsdale, N.Y.

CARDINAL STRENGTH

Sir:

I'd like to be the first to congratulate Jim Kaplan on having the guts to correctly call the unsung Cardinal infield baseball's best From Four (*Infield Errors Are a Cardinal Sin*, June 13). Actually, the St. Louis infield played even better defensively in '82 than it has so far this year. As a Cardinal fan, I also agree with Kaplan's statement that George Hendrick is the National League's best defensive rightfielder. However, I would go one step further. Silent George is the league's best rightfielder, period. As for Ken Oberkfell, he did deserve the '82 Gold Glove at third for his defensive performance. Unfortunately, Gold Glove voting is almost as ridiculous as the All-Star Game baiting process.

RUSS SMITH
Cupertino, Calif.

Following the trade on June 15 of Keith Hernandez to the Mets for two pitchers, Hendrick has been moved to first (see *INSIDE PITCH*, page 73).—ED

Sir:

Jim Kaplan has penned what St. Louis fans have pined for—an articulate, concise article extolling the talents of our Redbird infield. The Dodgers may bleed blue—I suspect cheap uniforms are to blame—and the Yankees may bleed George, but the St. Louis Cardinals really know how to play ball.

RANDOLPH W. MINDAK
St. Louis

Sir:

When you compared the Cardinals' present infield with those of the past, I was surprised no mention was made of the 1967-68 St. Louis quartet: Mike Shannon, Dal Maxvill, Julian Javier and Orlando Cepeda, certainly no slouches in the field, helped lead the Redbirds to consecutive World Series appearances in the aforementioned years.

JOSEPH DECLAN MORAN
Deerfield, Ill.

Sir:

It hurts to think that there was no mention in your article of the super Cardinal infield of 1963. Trivia buffs remember it as the only infield to start intact in an All-Star Game: Bill White at first, Julian Javier at second (in place of the injured Pirate Bill Mazeroski), Dick Groat at short and the late Kenny Boyer at third. All four were also members of the 1964 world champion Cardinals.

MIKE CONROY
Captain, USA Reserve
Camp Edwards, Mass.

Sir:

Jim Kaplan wrote, "The result was St. Louis' first world championship since 1968." He meant to say 1967, because 1968 belonged to Denny McLain (31 victories), Mickey Lolich (three complete-game Series wins) and the Detroit Tigers! You're welcome!

DANIEL A. WILDER
Saluda, S.C.

ROD CAREW

Sir:

It was with great admiration for Rod Carew that I read Ron Finner's article *Portrait of the Artist as a Hitter* (June 13). Baseball will lose a very talented player if he decides to retire, but I'm sure a man with his pride and professionalism will be a leader in any field. It was refreshing to learn more about this quiet superstar.

EARL THOMASLAND
Minneapolis

Sir:

Reggie Jackson compared his own hitting consistency with that of Rod Carew by saying, "I was like that in the '77 World Series, but that was only six games." Actually, it was

only six plate appearances. Jackson's extraordinary hitting in that Series did not begin until the seventh inning of the fifth game, when he singled. He homered in the eighth inning, and in the ninth and last game, he walked, homered, homered and homered. An utterly spectacular performance, but until the bungee began, Reggie's batting in that Series had been so-so: In his first 18 plate appearances (15 official at bats) he had only four hits (a homer, a double and two singles) for a .267 average and had batted in only two runs.

This is not to demean Jackson, an outstanding hitter himself, but only to make clear what actually happened.

FRED WATTS
Tuckahoe, N.Y.

GOMES ON AT THE FRENCH

Sir:

In reference to your article on the French Open (*The French to a Frenchman*, June 13), you were right when you said Yannick Noah was tennis' most gifted athlete. You were right about John McEnroe becoming a bore with his antics, language and general poor sportsmanship. You were also right about Chris Evert Lloyd still having what it takes to win tournaments. But you were wrong about the space shuttle Columbia having been flown overhead "on a break from" the Paris Air Show. It was the SS *Enterprise*. Any Trekkie knows that!

KAREN KRUCKAS
Auburn, Mass.

Sir:

You should quit going into detail on John McEnroe's uncalled-for court behavior. You should have gone into detail on how thoroughly he was dominated by Mats Wilander in their quarterfinals match. As for McEnroe popping his pecs, ha!

TONY LEFFINGWELL
San Antonio

Sir:

If John McEnroe doesn't cut out those tantrums—and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* doesn't stop reporting them—I'll scream my head off! I'll hold my breath till my face turns blue! I'll smash my head against the wall! I'll tell Mommy on you! I'll . . .

GLEN WILKINS
Toronto

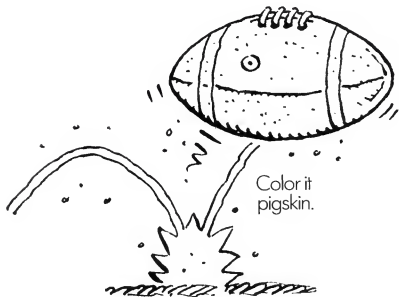
RACKET WIZ

Sir:

Ray Kennedy's article on the Wizard of Box (*Then Zap Go the Strangs*, June 13) was excellent. Throw a Warren Bowsworth-wring racket into a pile with nine other rackets and I'll pick it out 10 times out of 10. And no matter how exalted his present company, War-

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ren, to his credit, never forgets the hackers he began with.

MIKE CAVANAUGH
Belton, Conn.

Sir

Thank you for Ray Kennedy's fascinating article on Warren Bosworth and the rivetingly detailed photographs by Lane Stewart.

GREGG SEWERT
Iowa City, Iowa

Sir

I'm just a run-of-the-mill player on the courts. However, I pride myself on being an expert stranger of tennis rackets. Ray Kennedy's article was the most interesting and informative on the subject that I have ever read in any magazine. It will be on display in my shop for all to read until the print fades from the pages. Many thanks for the contribution to this mystical side of the game.

WESLEY B. SHAFER III
Racquet Corner
Berryville, Va.

ONE FOR THE BIRDERS

Sir

I read with interest Michael Parfitt's *SAD-LINE* (June 6) dealing with a birdwatching Big Day. Having been married to an avid birder for nearly 18 years, I have often suffered the

smirks and taunts of the uninformed. Perhaps the inclusion of this article in *SI* will elevate birding to somewhat more macho status. After all, doesn't the general public view birdwatching in something slightly perverted that is done by little old ladies in army boots and prissy men in baggy shorts?

Although I'm not a birder myself, I can appreciate the fact that it is a strenuous sport whose participants need quick wits, acute hearing, sharp vision, excellent memory and a great deal of physical stamina. The Big Day to which your article referred was certainly not the norm—imagine having a plane at your disposal! It beats slogging through sewage lagoons in hip-waders—or, worse, in sneakers.

Finally, to anyone who is wont to say (ad nauseam) to a birder's wife, "What kind of birds does he watch, the two-legged kind?" Heh heh," I beg you, if you spot a four-legged one, please call my husband. He'd be most interested.

ANGELA CYBRY
Ancaster, Ontario

DON'T KNOCK THE ROCK

Sir

I take vehement exception to reader William Macdonald's criticism of Rocky Marciano (1978 HOLE, June 13). He notes Mar-

ciano's lack of reach and height and claims that those shortcomings would have prevented him from combating Holmes's jab, had they ever met. What Macdonald seems unaware of is the way the Rock fought. Undoubtedly the strongest man to hold the title, Marciano fought in a low crouch that transformed him into a human battering ram, able to take the hardest punches while relentlessly coming back as if nothing had happened. His own blows were heavy and deadly; he knocked out 88% of his opponents. Because of his lack of height, he bullied his opponents to the ropes and whacked them about the body until their legs died. To assume that Holmes could dance away from such an assault is wishful thinking.

But more than anything else, the one attribute—the one intangible—that put the Rock head and shoulders above them all was heart.

TOM MIBALOVICH
Des Moines

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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U-Haul® Founder
and Chairman



"I started U-Haul 38 years ago to help people save money. I still want to help people save money. That's why I'll guarantee you the lowest rental rate you'll find anywhere. If you can find a lower rate, just tell us. We'll match it.* U-Haul will not be undersold. I guarantee it."

L. S. (Sam) Shoen



*Subject to equipment availability and traffic control fees.

The Observer's Perspective.

Thunderbird is from a new school of automotive design. A school which holds that every part of a car should contribute to its overall integrity, both for the road and the driver. The primary evidence: Thunderbird's unique new shape. Not only does its new shape need less horsepower to move through the air, its shape actually reduces lift for improved directional control and stability. The doors curve up into the roof to reduce wind turbulence and buffeting for less wind noise and better airflow efficiency. Even the drip rails are concealed inside to catch the rain, not the wind. Thunderbird. Even the way it looks helps the way it drives.

The Driver's Perspective.

There is one place where you can fully appreciate Thunderbird's engineering. Behind the wheel. A lightweight V-6 engine provides responsive performance. The automatic transmission is equipped with a locking torque converter that links engine and transmission for more efficient use of engine power. The power-assisted variable ratio rack and pinion steering is quick and precise. And a modified MacPherson strut front suspension and gas-filled struts and shocks give consistent ride quality and road handling characteristics no



matter what the road condition. Thunderbird responds to commands as if it were an exten-

sion of the five senses. It is a driver's car.

The Link between Man and Machine.

Thunderbird's interior is designed around the driver for a heightened sense of comfort and command. The steering wheel is located in such a way as to keep your arms comfortable. Climate and entertainment controls are centrally placed, an easy reach away. And all power-option controls are nestled in the central console center.

In other words, Thunderbird fits you.

Thunderbird in Total.

Thunderbird is a new blend of aerodynamics, performance, comfort and control. It represents a new kind of car that from any perspective is a turning point in American road machines. Pure form. Pure function. Pure Thunderbird.

Mileage estimate: 29 est. hwy., 21 est. city. EPA est. mpg for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, and weather. Actual highway mileage and California ratings lower.

Get it together — Buckle up.

Have you driven a Ford lately?



Pure Form. Pure Function. Thunderbird.

CAMEL

Where a man belongs.



LIGHTS: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
FILTERS: 15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR, '83.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health



Experience the
Camel taste in Lights and Filters.